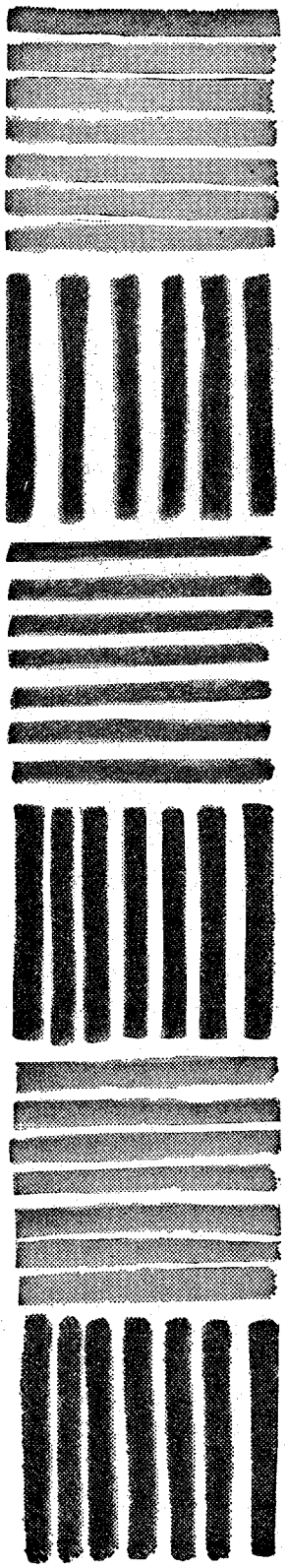
THE NATION

May 25, 1963 . . 25c



Surplus Youth

A Future Without Jobs

James S. Coleman

IN THE BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Barbara Deming

Hoosier Witch Hunt

Norwood Russell Hanson

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Goldwater won't help

New Haven, Conn.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial "We Support Goldwater" (May 11), you assume that in a Presidential campaign between John F. Kennedy and Barry Goldwater, "the voters would have an actual choice instead of a largely phony one." However, the perceptive article by Stephen Rousseas and James Farganis (March 23) does not substantiate your view.

"President Kennedy," Messrs. Rousseas and Farganis observe, "has failed to provide the needed creative leadership precisely because he has no clear picture of what ought to be. Indeed, he has rationalized the emptiness of modern society and has declared that it is the good society and that all the problems which do remain are purely technical." They go on to quote the President:

> *Most of us are conditioned . . . to have a political viewpoint, Republican or Democrat—liberal, conservative, moderate. The fact of the matter is that most of the problems, or at least many of them that we now face, are technical problems, administrative problems. . . .*
>
> *Today . . . the central domestic problems of our time . . . do not relate to basic clashes of philosophy and ideology, but to ways and means of reaching common goals. . . . Political labels and ideological approaches are irrelevant to the solutions.*

I believe that the best one can say of the contest you envision is that it will take longer to reach the same dead end under present Democratic leadership. *Harry Klein, M.D.*

Good will

Davis, Calif.

Dear Sirs: The "strange misreading of the Scriptures" that you speak of in the April 20 issue [editorial: "Peace on Earth"] has not persisted merely for "many decades." It is one of the mistranslations that somehow crept into the King James Version despite the remarkable care that was taken in that effort. Thus, for practically everyone in the English-speaking, Protestant world, "good will to men" has been the only form known; "men of good will" still sounds strange to most Americans, and I presume to most Englishmen. . . . *Oliver T. Myers*

St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial paragraph "Peace on Earth" is a most lamentable "howler." It laboriously explains that "Peace on earth to men of good will" is not only "Scripturally" correct but includes all men. Well, if it includes all men, then why not "Peace on earth, good will towards men" as the nobler, superior form? Besides, who is to decide who are the men of good will, and aren't all wars fought by men of good will? At least, each side thinks so. *W. Zeltmann*

TO OUR READERS

Next week's *Nation* will be twice normal length and will be devoted entirely to Fred J. Cook's newest *Nation* special, entitled "The Corrupt Society." For technical reasons, the issue will bear the double date of June 1-8. The double dating will apply to that one issue only; thereafter dating will be weekly, as customary. — *Editors.*

The Theobald plan

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Robert Theobald, in his incisive and timely piece on abundance in the modern economy [May 11 issue], has more than merely offered an interesting proposal: he has focused attention on what is virtually the only way in which our society can once again be made viable.

Here at last is a practical means for severing the age-old tie between production and distribution, and for founding the latter on standards of behavior that have roots in genuine social needs rather than in a putative Puritan ethic. Mr. Theobald's proposal for a guaranteed minimum social income deserves the closest attention and the widest circulation. It introduces a core of good sense into economic thinking.

Ben B. Seligman, Director
Dept. of Education and Research
Retail Clerks International Ass'n

Rusk in Iran

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of May 4, "Image or Mirage?" was met with overwhelming joy by the Iranians opposed to the U.S.-supported dictatorship of Mohammad-Reza Pahlavi. At the time your editorial appeared, Secretary Rusk was in Iran and, according to *The New York Times*, "dined with the Shah at his palace" and discussed "recent developments in the Middle East." The government-controlled press of Iran delightedly quoted the Secretary as having assured His Majesty (who has, as you know, banned parliamentary elections for the last two years) of U.S. support.

Thus the United States continues its support of a dictatorial regime in total disregard of the wishes of the Iranian people.

Alimohammad S. Fatemi
President
Iranian Students Association

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Coincidence?

Opposition to the moon race is snowballing. *Business Week* (May 11) says that opposition on the part of scientists is assuming such proportions that it may jeopardize the Apollo program. These critics feel that political and engineering considerations—the desire to beat the Russians at any cost—have swamped whatever scientific value the program once had. Some scientists are still on NASA's side, but Harold C. Urey, for instance, complains that NASA is not "paying enough attention to what scientific people say and it is largely due to the fact that there is not enough good scientific talent high enough up in the organization." Nor is it possible to dismiss the views of Lee Du Bridge, president of the California Institute of Technology, who says that if the astronauts merely get to the moon and take a look around, "it would not be worth 1 per cent or even a tenth of a per cent of our national budget just to make that joyride."

Politically, the moon race has become a football in the good old American tradition. President Kennedy reiterates that we cannot afford not to be first on the moon. The Republicans, still led by General Eisenhower, decry the venture as a giant boondoggle (although they will be the first to assail Kennedy if the Russians do get there first). Many members of the President's own party go along at least in part with the Republicans—Senator Fulbright, for instance. Almost the only ardent proponents left are in NASA or among its suppliers, and even the trade papers have been forced to take cognizance of the criticism directed at the pace and expense of the program by asserting—without proof—that it would cost still more if it were slowed down.

In *The New York Times* (May 12), John W. Finney alludes to the time-honored remedy in such cases—put on a good show and you'll get the money. "By happy political coincidence," he writes, "as far as the space agency is concerned," Gordon Cooper made his orbital flight at precisely the time when it could give "a much needed psychological lift in obtaining the funds necessary for the costly lunar expedition." This recalls a *Nation* editorial comment of almost a year ago (June 9) when NASA was buffeted by a lesser wave of criticism and parsimony. "On the eve of Scott Carpenter's orbital flight," the editorial noted, "NASA's share, $3,742,162,000, whizzed through [Congress] with a whoop and a holler." Typically, Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Iowa) said he didn't really know what he was voting for, and doubted that many other members did, but he was voting yes "on faith."

It may be that we are witnessing a phenomenon destined to play an ever larger part in world politics—the use of accurately timed technological spectaculars to extract vast sums from national treasuries and in effect by-pass legislative bodies. Thus the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, after arduous lobbying preparation, got the communications-satellite bill through Congress by orbiting Telstar (or rather getting NASA to do the orbiting) just when it would swing votes. In England there are complaints that, by well staged television presentations, "technocrats" can take any pet project of theirs out of the hands of Parliament. If it can happen there, it can happen here, or at least be researched and developed.

National Pharisaism

All nations practice what Robert M. Hutchins calls "tribal self-adoration." In this unlovely trait, the two superpowers vie with each other as ardently as in the race to the moon, and perhaps with more momentous consequences. The conviction that one's own country is morally superior to others is a factor of major political importance, the more so because the lower one goes in the social and educational scale, the more firmly the conviction is held. But this is only because these strata are more inclined to accept as gospel what they are taught at school, and later by the printed and electronic press. Largely, therefore, the responsibility lies with those commentators who tell the masses what is pleasant for the masses to hear, and advantageous for the ruling establishments. The most culpable of all are those liberal commentators who, in this area, gladly join hands with their reactionary colleagues.

Not to be invidious, but merely by way of example: here is William V. Shannon, syndicated columnist of the *New York Post*, declaring flatly: "The fundamental reason why our bases are justified and Russian bases are not justified is that we stand for what is good in the world and the Russians stand for what is evil. . . ." Or: "There was nothing wrong, in my judgment, with a mixed Cuban and American military intervention to throw out Castro. . . ." Once Shannon, or one of his self-righteous colleagues, has thus anointed himself, there is nothing left to debate. Would you compromise with evil? Answer yes or no. Are you a Communist? You say no? But if you are not, or not even a sympathizer, how is it you are blind to the evil that is inherent in our enemies and the good which shines so brightly in ourselves?

When it comes to Birmingham, Shannon is of course on the right side, and properly indignant at "Bull" Connor and his police dogs. Nevertheless, here on our own doorstep, he counsels moderation. He supports the President and the Attorney General in their efforts at behind-the-scenes mediation. "Mr. Kennedy and other officials," he writes, "naturally wanted to avoid a policy that might lead to the military occupation of a major city." A major *American* city, that is; there is no objection to the occupation of foreign cities, or whole countries, by dictators supported by American arms and the U.S. Treasury.

What kind of public morality is it that counsels moderation when American ideals and values are af-

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fronted, and Constitutional rights are persistently violated, all in an area over which we hold undisputed sovereignty, in contrast with the extraordinary belligerence and disposition to use force without limit *outside* this country? It is no morality at all, but an indulgence in "tribal self-adoration."

A Question of Ethics

Jack Barry and Daniel Enright will be remembered as the co-owners and co-riggers of the TV quiz shows *Twenty-One* and *Tic Tac Toe*. In 1959, when the celebrated scandal broke, they were also owners, on the side, of WGMA, a radio station in Hollywood, Fla. When, in 1962, WGMA's license came up for renewal, the Broadcast Bureau of the Federal Communications Commission opposed the application, on the ground that Barry and Enright lacked the character qualifications to be licensees of a radio station. The matter was referred to a hearing examiner, Elizabeth C. Smith, who, in a document of some 40,000 words, has just announced her decision, viz., that the public interest, convenience and necessity would be served by renewal. The final verdict must be pronounced by the full membership of the commission.

Routinely, few things could be less important than the ownership of WGMA, which presently is a low-power (1 kw.) station licensed for daytime operation only. Nor does *The Nation* wish to pursue a vendetta against the Messrs. Barry and Enright: if they were intent on drilling for oil off the Hollywood beach, or operating a motel, we would condone their past misdeeds and wish them well. What is of interest is the reasoning of the hearing examiner, which is all too characteristic of general business and governmental morality in the United States today. "Stripped to its bare bones," she concludes, "the action of furnishing questions and answers in advance to contestants on what purported to be bona fide quiz shows, no matter how repugnant to good conscience and moral sensibilities, has not been shown to have been a violation of any federal law on the books at the time such action took place." Besides, everybody was doing it: "Barry and Enright held no copyright for . . . the practice of rigging television quiz programs. It was in the public domain and was used by others." And: while these activities "are certainly not to be commended to the youth of the land, or anyone else, as examples of exemplary conduct, the evidence in this record does not support the conclusion that either of them was responsible for the perjury which was committed by certain contestants and by two producers." And so on.

Could anything be more revealing? Barry and Enright did not suborn perjury (they were careful to steer clear of that); all they did was issue false statements over the network and at press conferences, and the perjury on the part of the lesser miscreants followed. In rigging the shows, they violated no law; all they did was deceive their vast public systematically and unconscionably, and they would be doing it still if one of their accomplices had not let the cat out of the bag. It is a marvelous exhibit of what is wrong with a widespread (and spreading) attitude toward ethics: if others are doing it, and it is profitable, you too are justified in doing it. Provided only that you don't end up in the penitentiary, anything goes.

Last November, Chief Justice Warren pointed out the dependence of law on ethics. At best, he said, the efficacy of the law is limited: it can deal only with those who are caught, and the process of dealing with them is slow, cumbersome and uncertain. The law floats on a sea of ethics; in effect, civilization depends not so much on the menace of the policeman, the prosecutor and the judge, as on the ethical sense of the ordinary citizen. Which Barry and Enright did their best to debauch.

It is a small case, but it has wide reference. These larger aspects of the current American ethic will be discussed next week by Fred J. Cook in a special issue of *The Nation*, under the title: "The Corrupt Society: A Journalist's Guide to the Profit Ethic." It might also guide the FCC.

The Overkill Budget

All's grist for the mill, and growing GOP hostility towards the defense budget, partisan and often self-contradictory as it may be, should be warmly welcomed. What is needed, as these columns have repeatedly noted, is *debate* on a subject which for too long has been taboo. The groundwork for precisely such a debate is offered in a dramatic survey of the defense budget by Seymour Melman, who teaches at Columbia's School of Engineering and who has contributed several interesting articles to *The Nation*. Writes Dr. Melman:

> *In this study, we will designate the relationship — 100,000 persons killed by 20,000 tons of TNT — a "Hiroshima equivalent."*
>
> *On the entire surface of the earth there are now 2,000 cities of over 100,000 population. These cities have a total population of about 600,000,000. If every one of these cities was a target for nuclear destruction, given an allowance of 30 per cent failure to deliver to target, United States strategic vehicles alone could deliver . . . 125 "Hiroshima equivalents." This fact means, in effect, that the United States at this time possesses, on a global scale, an overkill capability of 125 times.*
>
> *In the Sino-Soviet bloc, the population of approximately 370 cities equals approximately 1,400 "Hiroshima equivalents." Again, allowing for 30 per cent attrition of delivery weapons, U.S. overkill capability for the entire Sino-Soviet area is 500 times.*
>
> *Finally, the Soviet Union alone contains roughly 140 cities of 100,000 population or over — altogether, approximately 500 "Hiroshima equivalents." Allowing for 50 per cent failure . . . U.S. overkill capability* [amounts to] *1,250 times.*

Dr. Melman does not suggest that we dump our nuclear armaments; he suggests merely that we keep them at their present level. *This would reduce the fiscal 1964 defense budget by $22 billion — or 40 per cent.* His chilling statistics and practical conclusion have not gone unnoticed in Congress. On the Senate

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side, Frank Church, Margaret Chase Smith, John Sherman Cooper, John Stennis, Henry Jackson, George McGovern, Joseph Clark and Gaylord Nelson have shown more than routine interest in Dr. Melman's survey; on the House side, interested readers include Congressmen Melvin Laird, H. R. Gross, Gerald Ford, Charles Mathias, Carlton Sickles, Bruce Alger, William Fitts Ryan and Robert Kastenmeier.

Billions for defense but not one cent for overkill: surely a rational starting point for a great debate.

The Right of Petition

Last December, HUAC held hearings in an attempt to show that Women Strike for Peace had become infiltrated with Communists. What the hearings proved was the fatuousness of HUAC. Mrs. Dagmar Wilson and her co-leaders of W.S.P. left the HUAC subcommittee chairman, the late Clyde Doyle (D., Calif.), squirming with embarrassment at having brought up the whole subject, and left the nation's press squirming with glee. But on May 7, HUAC had its chance for revenge, and took it. When 2,000 W.S.P. women appeared in Washington to lobby their Senators and Representatives in behalf of peace, HUAC took it upon itself to warn not only members of the House, but of the Senate also, of how "dangerous" the ladies were. (For a House committee to enter into direct contact with Senators is a most unusual step.) HUAC's warnings were ignored by some legislators, but not by all. Senator Clark (D., Pa.) failed to keep an engagement to speak to a W.S.P. rally on the Capitol steps; he said, later, he had been unavoidably detained at Harrisburg. Senator Javits (R., N.Y.), did show up, but was obviously ill at ease and delivered a highly uncharacteristic tirade against the stunned women. Only Congressman Kastenmeier (D., Wis.), who alone of several House members kept his promise to appear, felt that he could speak safely in the cause of peace.

To the long list of violations of legal procedures and civil rights of which HUAC has been guilty, there may now be added another: violation of the First Amendment to the Constitution, the final clause of which guarantees "the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Reviewing a Policy

The Committee for a Review of our China Policy, recently formed on the West Coast, is the right committee in the right place at the right time. Nowhere in the country has our present self-defeating policy toward Peking aroused more concern than along the West Coast, where trade has traditionally been Orient-oriented. California, Oregon and Washington had closer trade ties with pre-Communist China than the rest of the country; during the thirties, China was a significant market for lumber, wheat and flour from the Pacific Northwest. An average of 12 per cent of Oregon's total exports went to China between 1934 and 1941. At the moment, Northwest shippers in Portland and Seattle have envious eyes focused on the port of Vancouver, which is bustling with ships of various nationalities carrying wheat to China. As an aspect of our present policy, we have succeeded in irritating our allies by attempting to disrupt their trade with China; but they still trade.

Of course, there are reasons other than trade that also call for a review of our policy. What is the good, ultimately, of a disarmament or test-suspension agreement to which China is not a party? Is it sensible exploitation of the Moscow-Peking rift to continue to quarantine a nation of China's size? Does a policy of implacable hostility toward Peking make it easier or more difficult to stabilize the volatile Southeast Asia situation? The Committee for a Review of Our China Policy does not say that it has the answers. It does insist that the questions should be posed and debated. The founders and co-chairmen of the group are Charles O. Porter, former Oregon Congressman, and Ernest T. Nash, of Woodland, California, who lived in China for half a century. Headquarters of the committee are at Suite 200, Legal Center Building, 858 Pearl Street, Eugene, Oregon. Among other sensible proposals, the committee has requested permission from President Kennedy to send a delegation of American businessmen to one of the Canton trade fairs, either this month or in the fall.

Sooner or later, realities may be expected to disrupt the conspiracy of silence that currently sustains our so-called China policy. The new committee can speed the day.

The Shanghaied Technicians

Unlike other industries, the defense industry can afford to make costly mistakes; the cost is borne by its employees and by the taxpayer. Witness the Avco Corporation (missiles, mostly), which recently transferred eight of its engineers and technicians from Stratford, Connecticut, to Vandenberg Air Force Base in California to test an advanced Minuteman model. "None of us was keen on the transfer," recalls James Ragussis, one of the transferred workers. "But the company told us that we would each get a $42 weekly location allowance, a pay raise, job promotion and transportation expenses for our families. Most important, we were promised that the jobs would last two to four years." (With its cost-plus government contract, Avco can afford such generous promises.) But after moving the men, plus their twenty dependents, Avco apparently discovered that it had no urgent need of them after all. Neither pay raises nor promotions materialized, the location allowances were terminated and early last month all eight were fired with one day's notice and two to four weeks' severance pay.

The U.S. General Accounting Office reported last February that "many millions" of tax dollars are wasted annually on such transfers and layoffs. Readers of those enchanting newspaper ads urging scientists and technicians to take advantage of fabulous job opportunities in California, take notice.

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In the Birmingham Jail . . . . . Barbara Deming

Birmingham, Ala.

The day I went to jail in Birmingham for joining a group of Negro demonstrators — children, most of them—who were petitioning, "without a license," for the right to be treated like human beings ("that's what it boils down to, that's all we ask"), I experienced more sharply than I ever had before the tragic nature of segregation, that breakdown of communication between human and human which segregation means and is.

The steps which took me from the Negro church in which I spent the early part of that day, May 6, sitting among the children as they were carefully briefed and finally, in small groups, one after another, marched, holding hands and singing, into the streets—"marching toward freedom land" — the steps which placed me swiftly then in the white women's ward of the city jail provided a jolt for the mind that can still, recalling it, astonish me.

The comedian Dick Gregory describes his experience of a similar shock the day he arrived here to join the struggle—describes alighting from the plane and buying a newspaper. Not a word on the front page of the events that were shaking all of Birmingham. He had been afraid for a moment that the plane had put him down in the wrong city. Locked in my jail cell, surrounded by new companions now, I too could ask myself: am I in the right city? The events of the day were acknowledged as news here; the presence of hundreds of children crowding the cells below us was the chief topic of the white women; but the break with reality was quite as abrupt as though no word about them had been spoken.

The children were no longer children now, the frail boys and girls I had seen singing and clapping their hands and sometimes dancing for a moment in the aisles of the church to find their courage—the amazing courage to walk out and face fire hoses, police dogs, jail sentences; these were now "juveniles"—a word spoken in horror, as though their youth made them particularly dangerous and untrustworthy. These were "niggers" now. "Shit, goddam, they must be fighting among themselves already!"

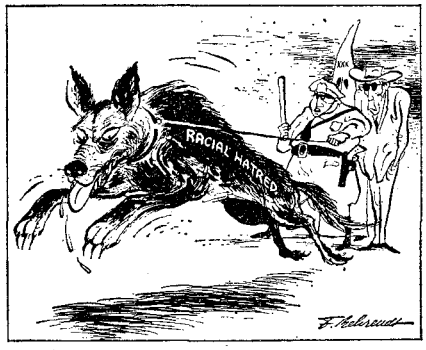
About the Author

Readers of *The Nation* know Barbara Deming from her vivid reports, in these columns, on developments along the American peace front. She has played a dual role in many demonstrations—as participant and as reporter. She played this dual role during the Negro demonstrations in Birmingham, and was the only white person arrested in connection with them. Bail was quickly proffered in her behalf; she refused it. She accepted freedom only when all of her fellow demonstrators, including the children, were freed.

From jail, Miss Deming returned to the Negro-owned Gaston Motel, where she had been staying. This motel was the site of the Negro-white negotiations which led ultimately to a truce. The day after her release, the home of the Rev. A. C. King, brother of the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., was bombed. With others, she rushed to the scene; and it was while she was standing outside the wreckage of the Rev. King's house that a bomb wrecked a portion of the Gaston Motel.

—EDITORS

"That's right!" "Goddam, you know it!" "Niggers are wild animals! You know it!" "Yes! That's right!" "Better keep the door here locked tight." The voices would rise in a frenzied chorus — statement and refrain; then hush in awe; then, a little later, break out again. One prisoner would hurry in from her post at a particular window in an adjoining cell, from which a bit of the front yard could be glimpsed, and report



N. Y. Herald Tribune

that she had seen police dogs out there. Perhaps they would all be safe, then, against these devils in the same building. "All you have to say to one of them dogs is 'Git'm!' Just: 'Git'm!' " But perhaps even the dogs were not protection enough. "They ought to throw a bomb in there and blow them all up," one woman cried in torment.

Now and then, when the wind was right, I could hear the children's voices from their cells, high and clear—"Ain't gonna let nobody turn me round, turn me round, turn me round. . . .Woke up this morning with my mind set on freedom!"—the singing bold and joyful still; and with that sound I was blessedly in their real presence again. I strained to hear it, to bolster my own courage. For now I was a devil too, of course—I was a "nigger lover." The warden had introduced me to my cell mates, in shrill outrage, and encouraged them to "cut me down" as they chose. They soon informed me that one of the guards had recommended that they beat me up. No one had moved to do it yet, but the glances of some of them were fierce enough to promise it. "What have you got against Southern people?"

I was not an enemy of the Southern people, I answered as calmly as I could. I happened to believe that we really were intended to try to love every person we met as we love ourselves. That would obviously include any Southern white person I met. For me it simply also obviously included any Negro. They stared at me, bewildered, and I didn't try to say any more. I lay down on my bunk and tried to remove myself from their attention and to control my fears of them.

The unreal drama continued throughout the six days I remained in jail. Three times a day we left our cell block to go downstairs for meals, shepherded by the warden. Occasionally, on these trips, a group of the Negro children would have to pass us in the halls. "Huddle back there in the corner!" the warden would cry out to us sharply—"up against the wall!" The women would cower back like schoolgirls, while the terrifying people God had

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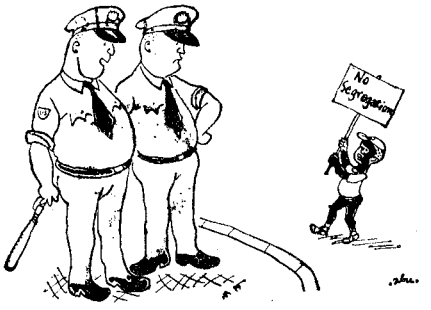
cursed—as the warden regularly informed us — filed past, harmless, and some of them even still joyful.

As the days passed, I stopped fearing my cell mates and made friends with them. After a little while this wasn't hard to do. Every woman in there was sick and in trouble. I had only to express the simplest human sympathy, which it would have been difficult not to feel, to establish the beginning of a friendly bond. Most of the women had been jailed for drunkenness, disorderly conduct or prostitution. That is to say, they had been jailed because they were poor and had been drunk or disorderly or had prostituted themselves.

Needless to say, I met no well-to-do people there, guilty of these universal misdemeanors. A few of the women had been jailed not because they really had been "guilty" once again this particular time, but because they were by now familiar figures to the cops; one beer, the smell of it on her breath, would suffice for an arrest if a cop caught sight of one of them. The briefest conversations with these women revealed the misfortunes that had driven them to drink: family problems, the sudden death of a husband, grave illness. All conspicuously needed help, not punishment —needed, first and foremost, medical help. The majority of them needed very special medical attention, and many while in jail were deprived of some medicine on which they depended. One woman was a "bleeder" and was supposed to receive a blood transfusion once a month, but it was many days overdue. Each one of them would leave sicker, more desperate than she had entered; poorer, unless she had



"That nonviolence gets me."

chosen to work out her fine. One woman told me that the city had collected $300 in fines from her since January. From those who have not shall be taken.

One day, in jest, one of the women cried to the rest of us when the jail authorities had kept her waiting endlessly before allowing her the phone call that was her due: "I ought to march with the Freedom Riders!" I thought to myself: you are grasping at the truth in this jest. Toward the end of my stay I began to be able to speak such thoughts aloud to a few of them—to tell them that they did, in truth, belong out in the streets with the Negroes, petitioning those in power for the right to be treated like human beings. I began to be able to question their wild fears and to report to them the words I had heard spoken by the Negro leaders as they carefully prepared their followers for the demonstrations — words counseling over and over not the vengeance they imagined so feverishly ("They all have knives and guns! You know it!") but forbearance and common sense; not violence but nonviolence; I stressed for them the words of the integration movement's hymn: "Deep in my heart I do believe we shall live in peace some day — black and white together." One after another would listen to me in a strange, hushed astonishment, staring at me, half beginning to believe. By the time I was bailed out with the other demonstrators, on May 11, there was a dream in my head: if the words the Negroes in the nonviolent movement are speaking and are enacting ever begin to reach these others who have yet to know real freedom, what might that movement not become? But I was by then perhaps a little stir crazy.

First Night in Minneapolis . . . . . Lincoln Kirstein

Minneapolis

On May 7, 1963, the eyes of the theatre world were on Minneapolis, where the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre opened with *Hamlet*, produced by the brilliant craftsman for whom the house is named. An ample, vivid evening; the resources of a large city had been marshaled toward the event, and neither taste, talent, energy nor money stinted. A proud, participant and percipient citizenry gathered in elegant attendance, and the rest of the great world was present or observant. It was a historic occasion. Three years ago, Guthrie and his confederates, Oliver Rea and Peter Zeisler, seeking an ideal solution for institutional theatre, cased the joint—the joint being the United States. After canny consideration (and upon encountering the power and authority of John Cowles, Jr.), they chose Minnesota in which to create from scratch a resident repertory theatre for the classics. This year, besides Shakespeare, the Twin Cities will see Chekhov, also directed by Guthrie; and Molière and Arthur Miller, staged by Douglas Campbell, his Canadian colleague.

Guthrie openings stud our theatrical epic: *The Three Estates* launched Edinburgh into the sisterhood of festival towns. His *Oedipus*, and later his *Twelfth Night*, initiated the beautiful seasons at Stratford, Ontario. Broadway, London, Ireland and Israel know this master; where will his Napoleonic genius next take him? Canberra? Peking, Novosibirsk? It would be a fascinating chapter of American cultural history to detail the years of research and organization that lay behind the first night of the Minnesota *Hamlet*: the organization of a thousand lady "stagehands" who helped sell 24,000 subscriptions before the première; an advance sale covering half the cost of the season in cash at the box office before opening; an efficient theatre seating 1,437 persons, ready and beckoning. And all done with the Guthrie panache: white uniformed guardsmen with slender silver trumpets, summoning, inviting—nay, commanding—the eager public in.

First, the play. Tyrone Guthrie is so foxy an old master, with such full

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practical knowledge of plays and possible players, that at times his familiarity breeds caprice. He becomes more interested in a novel twist than in the basic text. Not so with this *Hamlet*, set in some Ruritania that recalls Thomas Mann's early *Königliche Hoheit*, rather than Graustark or Zenda. Today's Danish court might be much like it. What is paramount for the play is to establish the life in the castle, the staffed dynasty, the domesticity of royalty, the intimacies of power. Guthrie accomplished this, and his fine designer, Tania Moseiwitsch, amply adorned it. Another Guthrie magic is to swallow, head on, the most formidably familiar quotations and rehabilitate them with new meanings, so that one does not believe one has ever before heard the famous echoes. Polonius' farewell advice to his son was a masterpiece of by-play: he absently signed state documents that were thrust into his hand, one after the other, and each paper seemed to suggest a further precept. "To be or not to be" was beautifully analyzed and well spoken by George Grizzard, so sweetly and simply that it became a self-portrait, pushing the action, rather than an independent aria. The Play Scene was a staggering piece of theatrics. Court servants, having brought out flaming torchiers, added small spotlights to illuminate a parody of international provincial art-theatre style. When the frantic King calls for lights, suddenly the spots hound him, and then are switched around to brutalize the eyes of the audience. That, with the rout of courtiers, actors, soldiers, produces triple confusion and a sudden hysterical terror.

Guthrie, Rea and Zeisler have assembled an excellent company from the alumnae of our two Stratfords, Washington's Arena, Broadway and the Middle West. He has able male actors of the older generation. His Hamlet, Mr. Grizzard, is handsome, appealing, adroit, forthright, at once manly and boyish, simple and stalwart. It is too much to demand that ineluctable dimension of princely sorcery that is inherent in the poem. Grizzard was letter-perfect on the first night; certainly a performance of such care can only improve, week after week, in the long repertory season.

Then there is that aspect of Guthrie's mind, the naughty boy. To reprove him for casting a Negro actor as Horatio is, in these times, tantamount to bigotry. But one kept wondering: who is this Horatio? Doubtless a Rhodes scholar whom Hamlet had met at Wittenberg; but also, Horatio's sister (cousin, aunt?) was one of the ladies in waiting. Not content with his reversed kleiglights, Guthrie has the Prince apprehended after the death of Polonius by NKVD agents with pencil flashlights—as if he'd been caught slipping secrets to James Bond. Claudius extracts bullets from angry Laertes' Luger, although the customary weapons at court seem to be saber or rapier. Ophelia is a rampantly detailed case history from the riper portions of Kraft-Ebbing. On the other hand, the finely spoken Ghost was a real haunt, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were extraordinarily sinister and disturbing graduates of some Shakespearean Ivy League.

Guthrie is the Johnny Appleseed of our theatre, traversing the continent, Ontario to Minnesota, with carefree, nervous abandon. To all intents and purposes, his new theatre, worked out for him by Ralph Rapson, is a replica of the permanent building at Stratford that replaced his original tent. The tent, a bold and necessary answer to a problem, was later poured into monumental concrete to trouble his successors. The present interior is somewhat more flexible, but we are given the same 200-degree angle of the viewing seats (covered in twelve tones of "decorator" colors); the out-thrust, narrow, playing platform; its focus of a columned tabernacle; its tin porch above, all solid and undeniable. Despite lip service paid to musical theatre and dance as future possibilities, it is in fact a one-purpose house: to serve premières by Sir Tyrone Guthrie. The others who follow must cope, more or less ingeniously, with the fixed elements that have become his habit. The background to all action is still the serried ranks of spectator heads, here punctuated by safety lights at the row ends. Stage illumination is still the flat, blinding arcs without gelatines which reduce all make-up to a mask. It becomes a weary guessing game to anticipate how Guthrie will solve this rugged lack of resilience by some clever piece of business. But it spoiled the end of his *Hamlet* that there was no central exit through which to bear the body of the Prince. And, sure enough, Fortinbras popped up on the porch, like Petrouchka on the puppeteer's booth: an awkward podium for a perfunctory benediction which negated the catastrophe.

As for the packaging of Guthrie's auditorium, it is contained in a glass box, full of tall plaster fins and other modernoid detail. The exterior is a one-dimensional graphic doodle, acknowledging debts to Mondrian and Modern Art, and standing next door to the Walker Art Center. Made of plywood and stucco, it screens a glass screen, and is comprehensible only as some monumental facing for a giant projection booth. One guesses that an architect, held in leash by Guthrie's explicit demands as to the interior, paid himself off in a burst of tendentious World's Fair-type creativity.

Molière's *Miser* was performed on the second night. There seems to be a mystical attachment to a genre of inexportable national products that perennially tease poets, actors and theatrical producers. Neither Schiller, Goethe, Racine nor Molière are viable in English. They have to be so transformed to make themselves palatable that the original intention is soon lost; and as mere pretexts for performance many less eminent works play far better. Hume Cronyn overacted the Miser with exhausting attention to fragmented detail in a very low-comedy genre. Zoe Caldwell, an excellent Australian comedienne, was the sole reminder of the ambiguities of the seventeenth-century social structure. But the audience, which even on the second night of the season, and that an opening, did not fill the house, liked it far more noisily and honestly than *Hamlet* (which, to be sure, lasted from 7:15 to 11:25).

It will not be easy to maintain repertory in Minnesota; it is not easy anywhere in this country. Guthrie will do two plays a year for three years. The Minnesota Theatre will be watched and worried over, admired and thanked by everyone for whom institutional theatre is a battle. It took a magician like Guthrie to create this complex; it is only to be prayed for that he will be responsible for a worthy succession.

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Surplus Youth

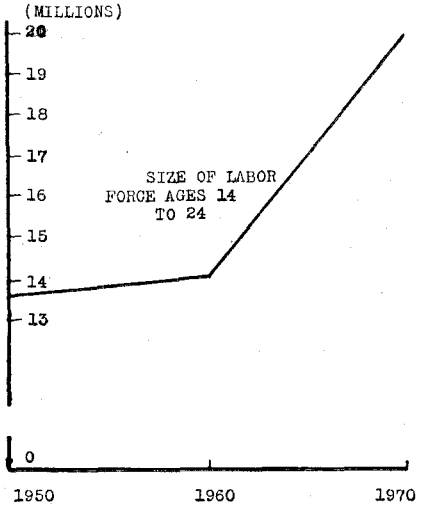
A Future Without Jobs . . . . . James S. Coleman

In the 1930s, in the midst of a general depression, the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) was initiated to meet the needs of boys who could no longer scratch a living out of the earth. These are the 1960s, the depression has long gone and we have entered an era of abundance. Yet a proposal arises again for a new CCC (the Youth Conservation Corps, it is called this time), and an allied Youth Area Employment Program. Why, in the midst of plenty, such a proposal?

The problem requires a rather close look, for it is no longer possible to make an easy connection between general prosperity and the abundance of jobs, as once we could. Several things have combined to break this connection. First, we have learned to manufacture goods without aid of the physical labor of men; we call it automation, but by whatever name, it is rapidly cutting away the whole bottom segment of the job market. Second, about seventeen years ago, we sharply increased our manufacture of babies, who are now ready to move into the labor market. Third, though we know how to manufacture babies at a rapid rate, we have not learned how to transform a majority of them into adults who can perform *mental* rather than *physical* labor for hire.

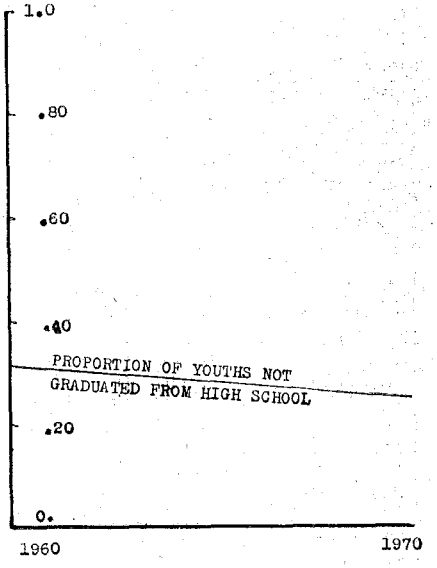
A few statistics will reveal the problem better than words. The two-column chart, right, shows non-agricultural occupations ordered according to the average education of those in the occupation, as well as the 1962 unemployment rate in each occupation. The economy has less use for the occupations at the lower education end of the occupational scale. Those who have entered at the low end now find themselves likely to be without a job; those who have entered at the high end find themselves more and more in demand, able to command higher and higher salaries.

As to our manufacture of more babies, the following chart shows the change in the 14-24 age segment of the labor force between the 1950-60 period and the projected change in the 1960-70 period:

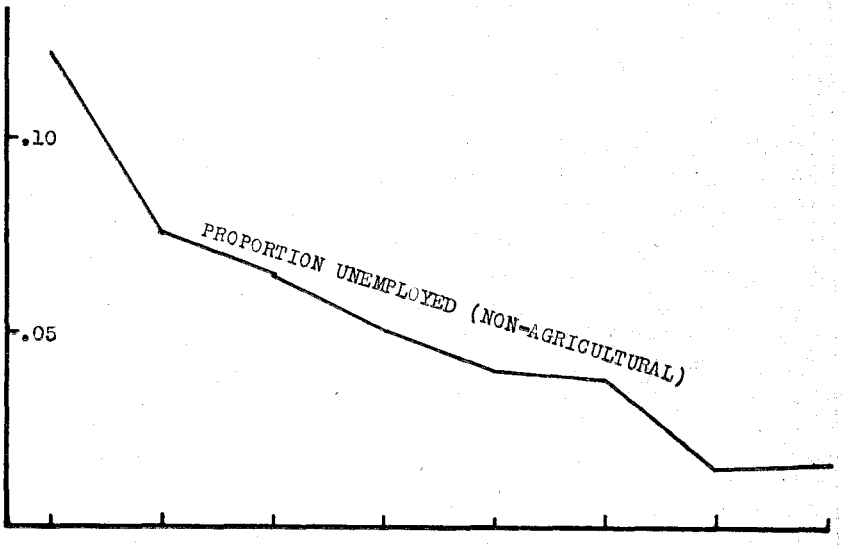


Finally, the next chart shows the projected proportion of high-school students who will drop out between 1960 and 1970 (based on the change in rate of drop-outs that occurred between 1960 and 1962). As the chart indicates, the expected reduction in proportion of drop-outs is extremely small, and, of course, because of the high birth rates, the absolute number of drop-outs will increase sharply. The total number of high-school drop-outs expected during this period is about 7.3 million.

Here is the picture projected to the end of the decade:



The magnitude of the problem can be shown in a different way. If we project the increase in number of jobs in society (based on trends between 1957 and 1962) and the increase in number of persons to



Avg. Educ. (1962)	*Unskilled*	*Semi-skilled*	*Service*	*Skilled*	*Clerical*	*Sales*	*Owners, Mgrs.*	*Prof., Tech.*
8.8	*10.1*	*10.2*	*11.2*	*12.5*	*12.5*	*12.5*	*16.2*	

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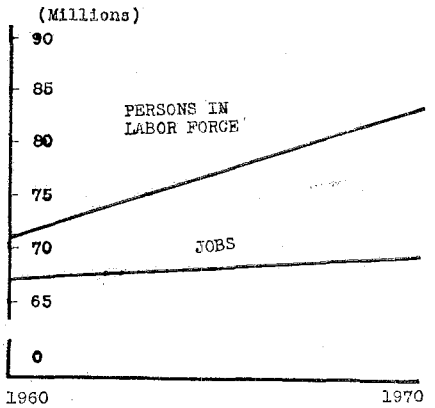
fill those jobs, we obtain a picture something like this:



The number of jobs is increasing at a snail's pace, under 300,000 per year, while the size of the labor force is increasing at about 1.3 million per year. This means about 10 million new unemployed by 1970 to add to the present 4 million. The relative rates of unemployment in the 16-24 and the 25-plus age groups are now about 11 per cent to 4 per cent. If these rates maintain their same relation, about 30 per cent of the young (16-24, not in school) will be unemployed, and about 11 per cent of those 25 and over. This is a total of 6 million youth and 7 million aged 25 and over who will be unemployed in 1970.

It is in the light of these statistics that we can usefully look at the proposals of the Youth Employment Act. The act is in two parts (see details in box below).

The Youth Conservation Corps is patterned after the CCC, except that while the CCC reached about 500,000 in size, the maximum for the YCC is 60,000 — though the population base of the country is far larger today than in the time of the CCC.

It is evident that the bill is remarkably tiny given the magnitude of the problem. The bill will employ, at any one time, a maximum of 110,000 young men and women (65,000 the first year). The present number of unemployed and out of school in the age group involved is 700,000. The expected number five years from now (the program's duration) will be roughly around 4 million. Thus at best the program will relieve, in its first year, fewer than 10 per cent of youth unemployment; if still operating at full capacity in five years, it will relieve fewer than 3 per cent.

Why is it that Congress is apparently unable to pass an adequate bill when the facts are so clear? The answer apparently lies in two areas. First, the problem is only beginning to jump in magnitude. Its major impact lies in the future — albeit the very near future. Our government, and in particular Congress, with its finger on the pulse of national sentiments, tends to react to the problems of today. As long as problems changed slowly, as they have in the past, such reactive legislation has worked reasonably well. But today the ever-faster changes in technology and the violent swings in the birth rate create problems that change so rapidly as to make such government-by-popular-reaction hardly equal to the task.

The second reason is that, for the first time, the Gross National Product has continued to move sharply upward, while unemployment has swelled. This means—as numerous essayists such as Michael Harrington (*The Other America*) and Dwight Macdonald ("Our Invisible Poor," *The New Yorker*) have pointed out—that two segments of our economy are going in opposite directions. As a consequence, while a minority of each Congressman's constituents is worse off than ever before, the majority is *better* off—and sees no problems. Thus there is no national urgency, no willingness to establish large-scale public-works programs. It is paradoxical that in the 1930s, when there were fewer unemployed youth than there will be in 1966, and when our economy could ill afford it, Congress was willing to vote massive public works and a CCC almost ten times the size of the YCC that is having a difficult time in Congress today.

Looking more generally at the problem, several solutions other than the Youth Employment Act have been suggested:

1. Higher rates of economic growth will cure unemployment.

This proposition, quite reasonable at first, implies assumptions that should receive close scrutiny. It is based on the following equation: (*production/man hour*) X (*men in labor force*) X (*hours/week*) X (*employment rate*) = *GNP*.

This equation is often loosely used to imply cause and effect. It is often assumed that if we merely find a way to increase economic growth (that is, make the GNP grow faster), then this will reduce unemployment. And to be sure, if everything in the above equation is held constant except the employment rate, and GNP is boosted, then of course the employment rate must increase.

The fallacy lies in assuming that there is a single equation, a single labor market, in our economy. To give a simple example: suppose there is an attempt to increase the GNP by spending larger sums for medicine, and thus cut down unemployment. If the employment rate is already 100 per cent for the labor markets affected (that is, all doc-

Youth Employment Act

	Youth Conservation Corps	Youth Area Employment Program
Agency	Dept. of Labor	Dept. of Labor
Size	15,000 first year, maximum 60,000	maximum 50,000
Period of enlistment or employment	6 months, 3 re-enlistments possible	variable
Wage	$60/month to $75/month	variable
Cost	$4,000/person-year	$2,000-$3,000/person-year (50-50 matching local funds)
Restrictions	16-21, male, single	16-21, male and female
Training for post-job	special classes	none
Where work?	state and national parks, forest, recreation areas	local schools, libraries, community service agencies

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tors and medically trained personnel are employed), then the infusion of greater sums into this area means merely that each man's number of hours per week must increase (each doctor works harder and makes more money), or the dollar-production per man-hour must increase (each medical treatment costs more), or both. Nothing will have been done to decrease unemployment.

There are only two ways that infusion of more money into a sector of the economy can affect unemployment: either by increasing the employment rate in that sector, or by drawing more men into that sector from others where the employment rate is low; i.e., by increasing factor (2) or factor (4) in the above equation. In short, the money must go into those sectors of the labor market where unemployed youths find themselves (factor 4) or in allied sectors to which they can easily move (factor 2).

This is where much of the problem lies. For the unemployed youth are by no means a random sample: they include many school drop-outs and are unskilled or semi-skilled, trained only for general blue-collar labor or the most intellectually undemanding of white-collar labor. There are many forces that are combining to move money *out of* these sectors (or to increase the production per man-hour while holding total production constant, which has the same effect). Automation is shifting whole industries out of these sectors. A prime example is the chemical industry, where production now requires skilled attendants for control systems and has decreasing use for semi-skilled laborers. Another example is the more efficient methods of marketing, as in discount stores and supermarkets, which have much larger sales volume per employee than a few years ago. Thus retail-store clerking, for long an important source of jobs for youth, is less abundant.

Furthermore, the "natural" economic growth that is occurring today is in areas at the opposite end of the labor market from the unemployed youth—in scientific research, engineering, space exploration, missile development and defense production of a highly technical sort. Even natural economic growth from consumer goods will do little for the unemployed youth, for a larger and larger proportion of consumer goods are produced and sold without the aid of the unskilled or semi-skilled.

In fact, it appears that the causation is in the opposite direction: economic growth is being kept down by the *lack* of persons in the right parts of the labor force, i.e., in the most highly trained sectors. For example, Congress is ready to appropriate more money than is requested for space exploration and has been prevented only by testimony from agency officials that the added money will not help, because the additional people with the right abilities are not available. As another example, the salaries of university professors continue to rise, wholly because of market conditions; there are not enough to go around. Similarly, there is money for more people in medical research, in research on juvenile delinquency, in research for science generally. Our speed in getting a man on the moon or in getting a cancer cure is not limited by the money invested in these areas; it is limited by the limited numbers of people able to work in them.

One consequence of this is that salaries are artificially high for scientists, doctors, college teachers and other professionals. The inadequacies of the educational system have artificially restricted the supply of such people.

This discussion suggests that to look toward a high rate of economic growth as a solution puts the cause where the effect should be: natural economic growth will result if we get more men into the high-demand segments of the labor market. These high-demand segments are at the high-education end of the labor market, where most of the unemployed youth can never get. In economists' terms, the elasticity of this segment of the labor market is quite low. In human terms, if a boy doesn't get a good education early in life, many paths are blocked to him.

2. Massive public works, especially in those segments of the economy that can employ unemployed youth.

As a short-term solution, this has some important advantages. While it would employ marginal labor, it would get done needed projects that cannot be bought through consumer purchases: public roads, mass-transit facilities, urban redevelopment, conservation, swimming pools, playgrounds. Yet it probably serves as a better device for employing the older unemployed than for employing the young. For unless the program is specifically designed for the young, they will be among the last employed. And if the young are employed in such programs, it will merely delay for them the problem they will later face: they are in a labor-surplus segment of the economy, a segment that will become more and more labor-surplus through their adult life.

3. Job training for out-of-school youth.

This approach has certain merits, for it can move the youth from areas of heavy oversupply of labor to areas with only medium oversupply. But short-term job-training programs can hardly do more than that. These programs begin too late and end too soon; as a consequence, their aid is minor. To be specific, present job-training programs focus on the wrong occupations. Nearly two-thirds of those in training are preparing for blue-collar jobs, where unemployment is presently great and jobs are increasing very slowly. This solution consequently is only a stopgap for the young, for it trains for occupations where jobs will be relatively scarcer each year.

The job-training programs necessary if the problem is to be solved are of a much more radical sort. For example, in Chicago, the Encyclopaedia Britannica company is conducting an interesting experiment: an experimental evening high school principally for school drop-outs which uses advanced teaching techniques and gets high performance out of the once-rebellious students.

Suppose the federal government (or state or city) were to invest in such educational entrepreneurs in cities throughout the country—educational entrepreneurs who would take the culls of the system and teach to get results (not, as in many high schools at present, merely to maintain discipline). If paid according to results, with students tested by government examiners, I suspect that capitalist enterprise would produce some remarkable successes. The government, in turn, would not be spending its money unwisely, but would be investing in a profit-making enterprise, since every success-

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ful student would mean removing a person from a status of dependence on society, and allowing him to move into a high-demand sector of the economy, where he would pay back in taxes and in contributions to economic growth many times the money invested in him in his youth.

4. Changes in education to keep more people in school longer.

In the long run, some such solution as this is necessary. Yet the short-run outlook is dim indeed. The high school drop-out rate has decreased only from 31.5 per cent to 30.3 per cent from 1960 to 1962.

In the schools where the unemployed youth come from, the teachers are often little more than disciplinarians; the school considers itself successful if it is merely able to maintain order and keep students in school. As a consequence, the high-school diploma is little more than recognition that the boy or girl will keep quiet and obey orders. In Washington, D.C., where the problem is particularly acute, the superintendent of schools is quoted as follows in an interview (*U.S. News & World Report*, March 11, 1963):

> Q. *Under your system is it possible for a student to get a high-school diploma without being able to read and write?*
>
> A. *No. I did not say that a pupil would be graduated without ability to read and write. I said that, in the basic track, some of the slower ones might be reading at the sixth-grade level, which is a functional level.*
>
> Q. *A high-school education used to mean, at least, that you could read and write —*
>
> A. *I hope it still does.*

Radical changes in the whole structure of secondary education are necessary if the situation is to be modified. A major difficulty with the present system is that it tends to be monolithic. Changes that would allow an adolescent much greater freedom in choosing his training (and thus place more responsibility on him for carrying it through), and the chance to move from one school system to another (and the opportunity to be "fired" from a given school, just as from a job), rather than the indignity of going every day to a school he did not choose, to a teacher he does not like, to do things he considers childish—these would go a long way toward giving the adolescent a stake in his own future and thus win his active support.

The federal government's aid to education should do more than merely strengthen the present public-school system. For example, the federal government could establish free supplementary schools of different kinds, using innovations that would be impossible and in fact undesirable to introduce into the total school system. Such supplementary schools could be attended part of the day on a voluntary basis through a released-time arrangement with the city's public schools.

This is only one of numerous possibilities; the educational entrepreneurs mentioned earlier, doing "job-training" wholly for white-collar occupations, is another. There exists a whole range of possibilities for making the educational system less monolithic and for educating a higher proportion of the young. As part of this change, we need to develop a concept of "real education" (analogous to "real income") measured in terms of its value in the labor market.

Where do all these proposals and possibilities leave us? Several points seem clear:

1. With the present rates of increase in labor supply and job supply, there will be more and more unemployed (14 million in seven years, compared to 4 million now). Over half of them will be under 25 years of age.

2. The growth rate of the economy is being hindered by the lack of highly educated persons. If the educational system were functioning properly, the supply of highly educated would match the high demand; salaries in that sector would decline to more normal levels, and the number of jobs would increase; productivity (particularly of innovations, which set in motion further productivity) would increase; and the labor pressure would move off the oversupplied occupations.

3. Economic growth is also hindered by the failure to match increases in consumer expenditures with increases in public expenditures. Thus, as Galbraith points out, there is a relative starvation of the public sector of the economy—simply because certain expenditures, such as those for public-recreation areas, schools, mass transit, etc., must be made as collective (i.e., political) decisions, rather than individual ones. We have not developed institutions that will allow us to make those decisions as readily as we make individual consumer decisions.

Two kinds of actions, then, are called for in order to avert a national disaster. The first is immediate and large-scale attention to the educational system; for here lies the greatest present barrier to an expanding economy with high employment. Such attention should probably by-pass the politically difficult hurdles of aid to state and local school systems; but, as indicated earlier, it should provide other alternatives that can pull a boy or girl out of the plight the present system has put him in, and at the same time relieve the pressure on the public schools. The efforts should be restricted to the high-school level; the economy's strong demand is for persons with further training. At the college level, the problem is principally a financial one. (Research which I recently carried out on the question of college choice suggests that lack of finances was the principal element in a bright boy's or girl's failure to consider a college beyond the local teachers' college.) A very large-scale college scholarship program would overcome the principal barrier here. It is important, of course, that these programs at the high school and college level be instituted quickly, for the babies of the postwar years are in their teens.

The second type of action is high and continuous expenditures on public works. There are, it should be recognized, two opposite forms of public expenditures in terms of their effect on unemployment. The first is outside the country, as foreign aid, or in high-employment areas of the economy: defense expenditures, space research and development, medical research, scientific research, etc. This probably increases unemployment, at least in the short run, by taking money from sectors of medium employment (through taxes) into sectors of high employment. The other is in sectors of low employment, utilizing low-skilled labor. Many public works are of this latter sort: construction of all kinds, forestry and conservation, child care, recreational supervision. It is this latter form of public expenditure that can have a short-term impact on unemployment in all age groups.

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What can be done, then, if Congress haggles even over a tiny Youth Employment Act, and if it cannot pass even watered-down federal aid to education? Here is where, it seems to me, the principal role of the President lies. Congress can only respond to public sentiment. It is the role of the President to inform and lead public sentiment—to be able to estimate what will be the problems of the future, and to make the public aware of these problems. This role is particularly important when the problems are outside the experience of the affluent two-thirds of the citizenry. The President has a clear responsibility, if he is to avert disaster that will catch him even while in office, to inform the public of the magnitude of the problem and of the likely consequences of failure to act upon it.

Hoosier Witch Hunt . . . . . Norwood Russell Hanson

Bloomington, Ind. Where the Bible Belt and the Corn Belt intersect, there lies Bloomington, Indiana — "the All-American city." It is as homey as apple pie, as right as rain, as good as gold—and as typically Neanderthaloid as any place in the country. For here in Hoosierland we have laws on the books concerning what people may *think* and what they may *advocate*. We also have here a golden-boy lawyer who would press onto Bloomington an anti-subversion law (McCarthy vintage) — a statute which should make Americans tremble with its portent of righteous stupidity. The law forbids *advocating* that the government of the United States or of the State of Indiana should be overthrown by force. Not *doing*, mind you, but *advocating!*

Ah, but we also have Indiana University in Bloomington — with its courageous and outspoken faculty, its strong and liberal administration, and its keen, ever-inquiring student body. My foot!

Here it is all over again, folks, in *simulacrum*. Here is an Indiana University Law School graduate who means to do "right" for his town, whether they like it or not. He plays, harp-like, on a benighted community eager for any chest-thumping cause. After all, in what was KKK country thirty years ago, it should be no surprise to find urban renewal cited as "Communist propaganda," to find prayers-in-public-schools regarded as a good thing, opposed only by "atheist dupes"; and to find the Cuban threat regarded as something easily quelled if only them "Dems" had the guts to go down and drop an H-bomb on Havana.

This is the thick, frothing socio-intellectual brew into which our fearless Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas Hoadley, has thrown the Young Socialist Alliance (Y.S.A.).

And the responses of my town and my university should constitute an emetic for all readers of *The Nation*. We may all be ten years away from Senator McCarthy. But I am ten blocks from the office of the Prosecuting Attorney.

On October 22, fifteen Indiana University students organized the "Ad Hoc Committee To Oppose U.S. Aggression." They called for a demonstration *contra* U.S. Cuban policy on October 24, two days after the President's "quarantine" declaration. The Dean of Students and I.U.'s President Stahr promptly became schizoid: on the one hand, they insisted that our students would enjoy freedom of speech and assembly, and the right to dissent. But they also stressed that "students who consider participation in any public demonstration [should] understand with whom they are aligning themselves" (Dean Shaffer). And "the most effective way to deal with minorities with whom we disagree in the present kind of situation is to ignore them completely" (President Stahr). The dean then went further, imputing ulterior motives — they are "endeavoring to attract attention to themselves." (How often minorities hear just that!) Perhaps I.U.'s administration does not really understand "freedom of speech," which should mean that *all* ideas may be expressed, to be judged only *after* having been heard. The I.U. upper echelon, however, used its position, its communication-net and its community influence to discredit the fifteen even *before* their position had been set out. That position, incidentally—although *I* cannot subscribe to it—shows more serious study of social and economic issues than can be attributed to the noisy flag-wavers who will not tolerate *that* position, whatever it may have been.

The demonstration? No speeches, no handouts — the student body never could know what the group was after (few of them know what "ad hoc" means). The fifteen "Ad Hocs" were called "dirty Commies," punched by the righteous crowd of 3,000 Midwestern Americans. Several times the fifteen were even prevented from walking away. They were pushed, shoved and kicked; their placards were torn from them —and everybody had a jolly good Hoosier time of it. The real patriots laughed in unison, loud and lustily. A faculty member urged that the demonstrators be heard. *He* was kicked and shoved (concerning which one of our campus cops said, "He shouldn't be here at all"; the I.U. policemen are here only to protect "the liberties of 'Americans'").

Enter Prosecuting Attorney Tom

Norwood Russell Hanson will shortly leave his present post as Chairman of the Department of History and Logic of Science at Indiana University to become professor of philosophy at Yale University. Winner of many scholarly awards (Fulbright Scholarship and Fellowship at Oxford, Fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, Ford Foundation and Rockefeller Fellowships, etc.), Dr. Hanson is also the possessor of the Air Medal and Distinguished Flying Cross, earned in World War II as a U.S. Marine Corps fighter pilot.

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Hoadley, who had just squeaked through the elections via a recount: "I am not convinced that the total blame of this near-riot should be placed on the shoulders of these two anti-demonstrators . . . " (the two being anti-Ad Hoc kickers and punchers who got so excited that they ran afoul even of the I.U. cops). So fearless Tom dismissed all charges, indicating that an objective, dispassionate inquiry would be undertaken to determine whether the Ad Hoc Committee was "deliberately inciting a riot and if it was done as a provocation." But, he added, the investigation "will definitely not be taken as a witch hunt." For one flickering moment the Town-Gown community was in equipoise; the words "witch hunt" had been used and squashed by young Tom. But events since then have left no doubt as to the objectives of the prosecutor, the sympathies of the "real Hoosier Americans" and the collective spinelessness of our academic community.

For some, Hoadley is the young Tom Dewey of these parts: he burst into an undergraduate's apartment, wherein was discovered a can of marijuana and I.W.W. literature. *Of course* anyone who takes dope and reads Red pamphlets *must* be affiliated with the Y.S.A. So why not just broadcast the news that way, and save time and taxpayer's money—and heighten the excitement? All the "baddies" linked: "Ad Hoc," dope and the Y.S.A.—with golden boy leading the "goodies," i.e., the American Legion, the 40 and 8, the Young Americans for Freedom and other *real* patriots!

So Tom linked 'em. But it turned out that the undergraduate guilty of possessing marijuana apparently had nothing to do with the Y.S.A., whose officers deny that she'd ever attended a single meeting.

The lies got worse. The Bloomington newspaper, far-Right traditionally but "wait and see who wins" in this matter, invited fearless Tom to write an editorial. The theses were what one might have expected: Willie Stark's beloved barbs in *All the King's Men*. All Communists are atheists, therefore all atheists are Communists. All Socialists are Communists; all Trotskyites are Communists: The Y.S.A. advocates Trotskyite socialism, so it is a Communist organization, probably receives instructions from Moscow, consists of atheistic dope fiends, etc. To let Communists speak at all is to give them just what they want; to give them what they want is itself subversive and un-American, so leftish professors who prate about the Bill of Rights are not real Americans—and so forth in spiraling syllogisms.

Alas, Tom was so busy prosecuting and indicting that he could not spare the time to write his *own* editorial; he copied seventy lines out of an article by A. O. Lovejoy—reproduced without references or acknowledgments of any kind. Even our inertia-bound faculty could not stand for that! Many protests were sounded. Tom's reply: there was no copyright infringement; Lovejoy's stuff is all "public domain"!

In all this, the Bloomington professors played a role somewhat comparable to that of the AAUP during the heyday of the idea-burners. They're agin' Hoadley — just ask them. But what have they *done*? Had these well-educated articulate Americans, 1,000-strong, spoken out forcefully and soon, the Hoadley-Y.S.A. debacle might never have been. But perhaps academics are never really complete members of the community they live in. Theirs is the city of ideas, of research, of grant-getting. They need peace and quiet—and noninvolvement—in order to be effective in their vocation.

Again, my aching foot! Bloomington is the *home town* of these I.U. professors too. Yet how far above the battle they seem sometimes in their majesterial, empyrean detachment! Hoadley's former mentors may trot out negative appraisals of his law-school record—but only at cocktail parties. Perhaps exchanging ideas on matters political, moral or religious with members of the untutored, unwashed Many — perhaps this does seem somewhat degrading from the ivory tower.

A university should know the myriad laws on local statute books, the better to reveal their deep defects before lives are ruined and the Supreme Court invoked. The law *is* an ass! Ambitious men can always harness it for their own questionable purposes. In a university town, this should be somewhat more difficult to achieve. After all, at I.U. we *have* had the Loyalty Oath for foreign nationals changed; it no longer obliges them virtually to swear allegiance to the incumbent administration's foreign policy. If Hoadley can rightly claim that he is enforcing the Indiana law, then I.U. should remove that prop from beneath him by decrying its monumental unconstitutionality. University lobbies must be directed not simply to cornering more funds; their concern should also be better laws, more civic and academic justice, liberty, and a more critical review of our unquestioned mores, national and local.

If this country is worth living in, it's worth fighting for. The academic must fight in the only way he can —with his pen and his ideas, and his uncompromising conception of *the truth*. And he should be prepared quickly to swing into action with well-documented accounts of that truth—just as quickly as the Hoadleys, the McCarthys and the well-bred sons of local industrialists will join in with their Red-baiting, their idea-quelling propaganda and their "patriotic" invective.

Rights and wrongs of Hoadley vs. the Y.S.A. are not really at issue here. *I* am troubled by Hoadley—a man of the law—seeking to "try" three students via his own lurid newspaper accounts *before* the indictment was leveled. Worse, not one candidate in our recent primary spoke out against Hoadley's plagiarism, or against trial-by-journal, or against Indiana's antiquated anti-think law. And I am dismayed at the apathetic inaction of I.U.'s administration: shades of the University of Berlin in '33, the University of Washington in '49, the University of Mississippi in '62. Will academics never learn that their rights to learn and study and write are not the automatic dispensation of a grateful populace, but must be fought for, uncompromisingly, at every turn?

You citizens of urban areas, of big Eastern and Western universities, of grassy communities lush with the leisures of "nice people"— don't be smug in estimating the distances of Bloomington, of San Francisco and *Operation Abolition*, of Oxford, Mississippi, and the small "heartland" communities wherein otherwise-unnoticed communal problems are exacerbated by the presence of a nearby seat of learning. In America there are no such distances any more.

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Raw and Ruthless Years

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LLOYD GEORGE. By Lord Beaverbrook. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 320 pp. $4.95.

David Thomson

In 1929, Lord Beaverbrook launched a campaign for Empire Free Trade and he and his fellow press baron, Lord Rothermere, made savage attacks on Stanley Baldwin. The usually mild and lethargic Baldwin was roused to a counterattack that became famous:

> *What the proprietorship of these papers is aiming at is power, but power without responsibility — the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.*

That Beaverbrook still feels the sting of this attack is plain from his care, in his latest book, to date Baldwin's distrust of him from 1922, when Beaverbrook was accused by his critics of wanting to be the power behind the prime minister, Bonar Law.

In two earlier books Beaverbrook wrote about the years of World War I. He projects another two, on the inter-war decades, to be called *The Age of Baldwin* and *Churchill's Victory.* The present volume, on the years 1921 and 1922, is the bridge. It deals with the inner tensions of the Coalition Government of Bonar Law Conservatives and Lloyd George Liberals; with the disarray caused within Tory ranks by the illness and temporary withdrawal of the melancholy and hesitant Bonar Law, at a moment when thrusting politicians like Churchill, Birkenhead and Curzon jostled for leadership; with the nimble wits and desperate energies that the former war leader, Lloyd George, brought to his fight against the break-up of his government which, he sensed, would end his whole career in politics.

Beaverbrook held ministerial office under Lloyd George toward the end of World War I, and proved a dynamic Minister of Aircraft Production under Churchill in World War II. He is not unaware of the inner springs of political power. But most of his life and energies have been spent in the society of politicians rather than as one of them, and his influence has come much more from Fleet Street than from Whitehall. Whatever he writes about the last half-century of British politics is likely, therefore, to be well informed, intimately lively and well spiced with his own prejudices and reminiscences. His latest book disappoints in none of these respects.

Beaverbrook can write well. He can write especially well about these personalities and events because he experienced them all at first hand. Much of what he writes is, to be sure, autobiography — though it is the fate of others that shapes his narrative. He knows, not just intellectually, but emotionally, the very stuff of politics, the raw ambitions and the undercover ruthlessness of the contests for power. And the last years of Lloyd George's government were raw and ruthless enough. They saw the civil war in Ireland, the Chanak crisis thrusting a wedge between Britain and France, the debasement of British political life by the blatant sale of honors and the prosperity of war profiteers. In the phrase Lloyd George used to Bonar Law, it was a time of "crises chasing each other like the shadows of clouds across the landscape." The crises had always to be overcome in ways that did not forfeit power. The penalty for neglecting this golden rule was eventual collapse.

Given the author, the theme, and his handling of it, the book's impact operates at three levels. It tells us something more — though not much that was previously unknown — about the important events of those years. It reveals something more, too, of the personality and activities of the mercurial Beaverbrook. But besides these historical and autobiographical levels, the book takes life at yet a third: it recaptures, authentically and vividly, the atmosphere of that transient post-war phase, the colorful figures who were to go on being of importance in British life and world politics a generation later; it recalls their moods, impetuosities, oddities and prejudices. Its main fascination lies in this last.

Of the first, little need be said. Miss Frances Stevenson, who was Lloyd George's secretary in those years and who married him in 1943, kept a diary and wrote an autobiography, both of which are now in Lord Beaverbrook's possession, but neither of which has been published. The excerpts from them here given are new material, and there is, too, an appendix of documents, some of them hitherto unpublished. But in general this volume contains little that is new and important about events as such.

Of the second theme, the activities of Beaverbrook himself at that time, the book tells us something of his personal relations with his fellow Canadian, that dour and reticent Scot Andrew Bonar Law, the so-called "unknown Prime Minister." Beaverbrook remarks, "Though my loyalty was given entirely to Bonar Law, I did indeed like my Lloyd George." Temperamentally, he had very much more affinity with the latter than the former, and beset by two such ebullient and tireless personalities poor Bonar Law must often have regretted his return from France to the restless, ferocious political squabbles of London. Despite Beaverbrook's persistent pressure for Empire Free Trade there is little evidence that he significantly influenced Conservative policy. His greatest role was the social one of host, intermediary, self-appointed counselor of ministers, whom a man like Austen Chamberlain at times took extreme pains to keep in the dark.

It is at the third level that the book excels, and there that its lasting importance for the historian will be found: in recapturing the mood, atmosphere, color of the early 1920s. In the loftiest tone of sincerity, political leaders could be blatantly partisan. Thus Bonar Law, the most austere, aloof eminence of them all, at the fateful Carlton Club meeting that spelled the Coalition's doom: "I confess frankly that in the immediate crisis in front of us I do personally attach more importance to keeping our party a united body than to winning the next election." Lloyd George's actions were dictated at this time entirely by his calculation of the measures most likely to perpetuate himself in power. The complexities and subtleties of his maneuvers were extraordinary. The attentive Miss Stevenson wrote, at the height of the Irish negotiations:

> *D. [Lloyd George] told me, however, that he had a talk to B.L. be-*

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fore dinner, privately, and D. told him quite plainly that he was not playing the game. Bonar flared up. . . . However D. eventually talked him round and they sat up discussing till nearly one o'clock. D thinks that Bonar has agreed not to oppose his new proposals for the all-Ireland settlement. But of course he has not told Bonar of the underlying scheme, i.e., the taxation part. D. says that if the Ulstermen accept they will do so in the hope that the S.F.'s [Sinn Fein] would refuse it. They [the Ulstermen] are quite ignorant of the fact that the S.F.'s have already agreed. It is a very subtle plan. . . .

Besides such insights, there are the colorful anecdotes. Beaverbrook and Churchill are alone in France, when Beaverbrook falls ill. The doctor prescribes, with instructions in French, one medicine for external use, one for oral use. Churchill's French confuses the two — but the patient gets well fast. The solemnly squalid scrambles for honors among the hangers-on of power, the wild financial embezzlements of those entrusted with political funds, make comic enough reading now. Those who would relive those unique years will recognize authentic echoes. Gossip columnists can learn a lot from Beaverbrook.

The Young Russians

YEVTUSHENKO: SELECTED POEMS. Trans. and with an introd. by Robin Milner-Gulland and Peter Levi, S. J. E. P. Dutton & Co. 92 pp. $3. Penguin Books. 65c.

RED CATS. By Anselm Hollo. City Lights Books. 64 pp. $1.

Edwin Morgan

Russian poetry today is in a more vigorous state than it has known since the 1920s, and it is not surprising that younger poets should in fact be "rediscovering" some of the virtues of the period of Mayakovsky, Yesenin and the early Pasternak. Freshness of approach, freedom from dogmatism, willingness to experiment and take risks, a revived interest in modern Western poetry — all this is characteristic of the post-Stalinist generation, and the results of such a changed outlook are already impressive. It is, of course, a comment on the Stalinist years that the source of so much liveliness and accomplishment should be "merely" sincerity, integrity, truthfulness: yet both Yevgeny Yevtushenko and Andrei Voznesensky (the two poets who command the widest popular following, and who are also those most discussed by critics) reiterate the importance of these qualities. "Freshness, freshness, that's what we want, freshness!" cries Yevtushenko at the beginning of one of his poems: not the freshness of eccentricity, not the eclectic "Make It New" of an Ezra Pound, but a return to the sharp tang of truth after a period of oppression, hypocrisy and concealment. Voznesensky, a more original and remarkable poet than Yevtushenko, adds inwardness to the quest for sincerity. As he says in his suite of poems on the "discovery of America," *The Triangular Pear*: "I tear the skin from the planet, sweep away the dust and corruption, go down into the heart of the matter as into the subway. Look! — the triangular pears! — I search them for human souls."

In translating poetry, *tone* is of great importance, though translators usually pay less attention to this than to other factors. Yevtushenko's work is marked by a fresh, incisive, sometimes rather blue-eyed clarity which is unlike anything in English or American poetry at the moment, and it is a pity that Peter Levi and Robin Milner-Gulland in their *Selected Poems* did not make more of an effort to let the poet speak in his own tone of voice. Their Yevtushenko is a curiously muted, genteel, ironic and ambiguous figure. He throws away like an aside what should come out ringing like a bell; he contorts and makes abstract where the original is as plain and concrete as a sign on a wall; in short, a thoroughly Anglicized Siberian, with most of the snow smoothed off his boots.

This blurring of the persona is not a result of serious mistranslations, of which there are some but not many, but shows rather the accumulated power of minute departures from the text, as if the translators felt embarrassed to let their poet speak out as directly as he had done in his own tongue. Why call "cocks" "poultry"? Why omit names, saying "auntie dear" for "auntie Masha," "the river" for "the Oka" or "the Kuban"? More serious is the frequent abstractness and sophistication overlaying something that is perfectly straightforward in the Russian: e.g., "subject to serious infirmity,/terror of honesty, terror of battle" for "and their affairs are in a bad state today, if they are afraid of an honest battle." As the translators do not reproduce the meter and rhyme of the original, I feel that their freedom from that worry could have been employed in fixing more precisely the other elements of translation.

If I have emphasized the faults rather than the virtues of this volume, it is because the first translation of a foreign poet is so important; an image that is off focus can persist for a long time. With this reservation, the book can be welcomed as a well-presented and readable introduction to this most likable poet. It has useful prefatory material and some notes. The selection stresses the autobiographical more than the political side of the poet, but this is sensible enough in an initial volume, and we must be glad that the present one contains the deeply interesting long poem *Zima Junction* (highly effective in its very Slavonic mixture of detailed narrative and far-ranging reverie), the powerful anti-anti-Semitic piece *Babi Yar* (unfortunately one of the clumsiest of the translations), the poem on Hemingway who is one of the current heroes of young Russian writers, and the various poems giving in recollection a child's experience of the Second World War. These poems could influence English poetry, and it would be no bad thing if they did.

Anselm Hollo's *Red Cats* contains versions of Yevtushenko, Voznesensky and Semyon Kirsanov. As the title suggests, there are parallels if not links between the recent developments in Russian poetry and developments in the West. Both Yevtushenko and Voznesensky have visited America and written poems on American themes (e.g., Yevtushenko's "Beatnik Girl," Voznesensky's "Beatnik's Monologue"); Yevtushenko also has a poem on "The Angries" which sweeps English, American, French and Italian (but rather self-righteously not Russian) malcontents into one net, and Voznesensky's *Triangular Pear* flashes a brilliant torch across a contemporary medley of airports, rock-and-roll, strip tease, cybernetics, Negroes, football and the giant sequoias of California, interspersed with memories of his own land of Siberia. Whatever moralistic condemnations are made by the poets,

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it is clear that fascination is as strong as the need to reject. (When Yevtushenko was asked in a BBC interview what American poets he admired, the reply was: Whitman, Frost, Sandburg — and Ginsberg.) Cats therefore let them be.

Anselm Hollo in these very free versions has transposed the poems directly into an American beat idiom, as the medium most likely to make their point at the present time. This naturally works better with some poems than others — sometimes the tone is unnecessarily coarsened—but the vivid "speaking" language has the edge over the versions by Levi and Milner-Gulland and is closer to the rhetorical gestures of Russian style. Their translations are for the reading eye, Hollo's for the declaiming voice. If you want to bring your poet back alive, there is no doubt that Hollo's is the method, though I myself cling to the belief that a greater closeness to the text is not incompatible with contemporary vigor. Hollo's omissions and alterations are alarming. To stop Yevtushenko's "Portrait of a Nihilist" just before the "moral" — to conflate parts of two poems by Kirsanov into one new poem—this is boosting spirit at the expense of substance with a vengeance! (Or, in the case of the "Nihilist," it is to make your red more of a cat than he really is.) But although students of Soviet poetry would be ill-advised to use this volume as a crib, its best versions are splendid "recreations" which are near enough the original not to be misleading, and which have the greater positive value of reading — and especially reading aloud — like poems. Voznesensky's "The Big Fire at the Architectural College," with its spiky, excited images of destruction and renewal, is still brilliantly alive in Hollo's jetting cadences:

Like a red-ass gorilla
up there on the sleepy façade—
the window,
uncoiling, roaring
to fight—to open
on fire!
We've been studying
for our finals, yes
it's time to defend our thesis!
My pronouncements already crackling
in the sealed
safe—
Like a huge bottle
of kerosene—
five summers, five winters
swoosh up in flames
O my sweet Karen,
O we're on fire!
The little notes
for cheating at tests, the parties
all gone, going—gone, up up
in these flames—
there you stand, pink
in the gooseberry patch—
goodbye, goodbye!...

On the Subject of Love

TEXTURES OF LIFE. By Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown & Co. 249 pp. $4.75.

THE UNICORN. By Iris Murdoch. The Viking Press. 311 pp. $5.

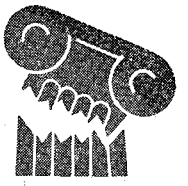
Robert Kiely

To read the newly published novels of Hortense Calisher and Iris Murdoch one after the other is a salutary and educational experience for anyone who tends to place contemporary female novelists together in the same hazy category. There are obvious attributes that women writers, these two included, are likely to have in common; they prefer to see a dramatic situation through the eyes of a heroine rather than a hero, and their feminine characters are deftly and unsentimentally — Lord, how unsentimentally — depicted; they have a fondness for precise detail, and their subject, no matter how you view it, is love.

Beyond that, these two authors defy comparison with each other. If Hortense Calisher's *Textures of Life* reminds us now and then of Virginia Woolf or Elizabeth Bowen, Iris Murdoch's *The Unicorn* conjures up the ghosts of Ann Radcliffe and Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. They are, in other words, about as far apart as you can get—as practitioners of fiction in our language.

Textures of Life is Miss Calisher's second novel. Her first was *False Entry*, and she has also published two fine collections of short stories, *In the Absence of Angels* and, more recently, *Tale for the Mirror*. Miss Calisher's previous work has accustomed us to expect a delicacy of expression and a subtle treatment of the psychology involved in even commonplace events. In this respect, *Textures of Life* is no disappointment. In fact, it is a tribute

Robert Kiely is an instructor in English at Harvard and assistant senior tutor at Leverett House. He was a contributor to the recent issue of Daedalus *devoted to the contemporary novel.*



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Sonnet

The prose purveyors of doubt, the dismantlers of
Ecstasy, who traffic without a god
In broken metre, would have their Pegasus shod
With discord, not strict numbers. At love they scoff,
And then, in the revolution of anti-love,
Unsheathe chaos, the death of the period,
While a new Sibyl, shrieking above her tripod,
Proclaims transformation, treachery, trough.

Yet even the disenchanted, disordered, fret
For lost order. Breakers recall rhyme,
Anchors weighed, and divine proportions set.
As hawk hovers, as compass needle in time
Flies unswerving, steadied, where the stars climb,
Fixed laws hallow what none can forget.

Vernon Watkins

to Miss Calisher's real skill as a craftsman that she can turn a willful and unpleasant heroine, her wraithlike husband, and the dreary lofts they insist on living in, into interesting and occasionally compelling fiction.

The novel opens with the wedding reception of Elizabeth Jacobson, would-be sculptress, to David Pagani, photographer, and a young man of almost superhuman patience. Both are from middle-class families, both are half-Jewish, and both have widowed parents. In fact, the warmest and most moving section of the book has to do with the relationship between Elizabeth's mother and David's ailing Italian father. But the center of the novel is really Elizabeth and her obsessive need to rebel against the *petit-bourgeois* ways of her mother who loves domestic comfort and "nice things." Everything and everyone, including her young husband, is ground under by Elizabeth's single-minded intention, even after the mother has gone off to California, to avoid doing things "her way." When a daughter is born to the young Paganis (the significance of the name should not be overlooked) Elizabeth is forced, after a series of domestic crises, to realize that she must suffer the same agonies over her child that her own mother suffered—and receive for her troubles a similar hostility.

Miss Calisher's conclusion is not despairing but resigned and, from at least one man's point of view, depressing. Women, she seems again and again to be telling us, are just that way. And so is life. A kind of biological determinism accounts for most of the things people spend years trying to understand. So Elizabeth and her mother are types, perhaps even archetypes, of mothers and daughters everywhere and always. But it is precisely against the universality of this suggestion that the mind rebels. Miss Calisher is good—sometimes superb—at New York and lofts and dialogues between pregnant women, but she falters when she generalizes. Elizabeth Pagani is *not* a modern Everywoman. She's too pinched, too narrow even for this petty century.

If *Textures of Life* presents us with an unobtrusively simple plot, four major characters who rarely finish their sentences, and a narrative voice that plays havoc with syntax for the sake of a hesitant nuance, Iris Murdoch's *The Unicorn* is the perfect antidote. It goes to all the opposite extremes. Miss Murdoch's seventh novel is crowded with eccentric and articulate characters who become involved in an elaborate gothic adventure. It begins in a wonderfully familiar way. Marian Taylor, a young English schoolteacher, has arrived in one of the bleakest corners of the Welsh coast to take up the duties of governess in a desolate mansion. Miss Murdoch obviously has no desire to restrain her penchant for melodramatic effects. And it is a good thing she hasn't. She is an absolute master (or mistress) of the rain-swept moor, the mysteriously locked door, the unfamiliar footstep on the stair. But *The Unicorn* is no ordinary mystery. The governess' pupil turns out to be Hannah Crean-Smith, the lady of the house, a beautiful, drowsy young woman who seems, by some strange agreement, to be a prisoner in her own home. She is attended by an assortment of very odd people, each of whom is attached to her in his own unique way.

What is most unusual about this book, and one of the things that distinguishes it immediately from the ordinary mystery story, is what we find behind the closed doors and around the dark corners. There are no skeletons or ghosts at all—not in the conventional sense. What we discover, often with the same shock as the heroine, is love: romantic love, perverted love, passionate love, platonic love. It springs up with all the unexpectedness and irrational energy of a demon—or a god. The author never really admits which; therein lies the sub-surface fascination of the story.

Miss Murdoch was once a philosophy don at Oxford, and her novel, as well as being a blood-chilling melodrama, is a brilliant exercise in epistemology. It probes the ambiguities and uncertainties of knowledge and asks repeatedly what any of us can know about one another and the universe in which we live. By explaining the mystery of Gaze Castle from the different points of view of various characters, Miss Murdoch offers the reader a host of possible ways to put the puzzle together. But each solution is missing one piece. There is always one unanswered question, one unopened door. And if we are tempted, like some of the characters, to see the mystery of the "adulterous and murderous" prisoner as a religious, political or psychological allegory, we are as often inclined to dismiss that idea as nonsense and agree with the one man who "had no theory about Hannah . . . [and] had not been paralysed by an allegory."

Still, *The Unicorn* is not, like *Last Year at Marienbad*, a do-it-yourself story. Things never get that dull or repetitious at Gaze Castle because life, in one form or another, does keep intruding. There is a constant reaffirmation of the reality of mystery and the necessary proximity of the terrible and the beautiful. Miss Murdoch has written that rare kind of thriller on which the mind can be sharpened even as the blood freezes in the veins.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

When the law courts examine the arts, their view is sometimes weirdly distorted, as under a microscope. This has just occurred in the case of New York's Seagram building. In March, the State Appellate Court upheld what is, in effect, a municipal luxury tax on the design of this building.

Seagram is probably the culminating monument of the industrial style, civilized. Designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, with the help of Philip

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Johnson, it is unique among the thousands of steel and glass business buildings produced in postwar America because of its transcendent quality of intelligence. It has dignity, presence. Especially does it count on Park Avenue, which was re-zoned from residential to business north of Grand Central Station shortly after the war, and which has, architecturally, certainly been given the business. For every proud Lever House or graceful Pepsi-Cola Building now fronting on this majestic avenue, there are two large, shapeless cartons of canned, air-conditioned office space, grimly real real-estate investments, non-architecture of a particularly vapid kind.

To see just how dismal, or rapacious, has been the approach of the merchant builders, consider the two adjacent blockfronts on the west side of Park above and below 51 Street. Both sites are occupied to their outer limits by monstrous Uris Company buildings. They are large, thirty and thirty-three stories tall, bulkily zone-shaped, and were built at the same time, apparently from the same set of specifications. I've always thought they should be named Uris I and Uris II, or perhaps Percy and Harold.

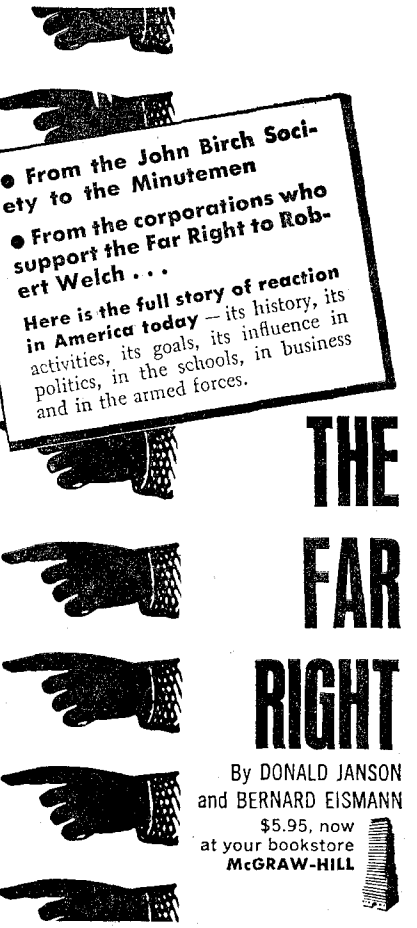
But to get back to the other side of the street, and Seagram, this relatively small skyscraper stands almost with an air of melancholy behind its wide plaza and pools, looking with detached sympathy at Stanford White's old Racquet Club across the avenue. Seagram occupies relatively little of its plot, considering that the plot cost $4.9 million. It is, among its other grandeur, a generous building.

The mechanics of Seagram's luxury tax run something like this: the city appraises commercial buildings by analyzing them as commercial investments, i.e., capitalizing the rent roll at 6 per cent and adding another 2 per cent for depreciation, and another 5 per cent or so of land value. In the case of Seagram (of which the owner occupies only about 20 per cent, renting out the rest to various tenants) this method of valuation would set the commercial value somewhere near $15 million. However, the city has appraised Seagram at $21 million (plus $5 million for land), thus taxing it at about 150 per cent of conventional, or market, value. This costs Seagram nearly $400,000 per year extra in real-estate taxes, enough to make any corporation pause before again approaching architecture.

The Seagram building in fact cost more than $40 million, including land — well above twice what any speculative builder would have paid for an equal amount of rentable floor space. Why so much? Well, although the building stands as a symbolic poem to the industrial machine, it was, like most poems, not composed by a machine, but virtually handcrafted. And, of course, the fountains and plaza return no rentals. The city's case, essentially, is that, because the building cost more than most office buildings, it must, somehow, be worth more. The justices of the Appellate Court commented that if this were not so, it "does not do much credit to the sagacity of the corporate managers," and they went on to rule that this structure signals a new class of buildings in New York which may justly be taxed on *prestige*.

The implications are quite devastating. Are not the justices, and the city, saying that the only kind of building a sane, or "sagacious," corporate manager should build is a cheap, greedy structure? Market value is market value. If an insurance company were given a choice of buying as an investment either Seagram or a comparable income producer in the spec.-built style, I wonder how much of a premium it would pay for the architectural excellence of Seagram. The city indicates $7 million. I doubt it. Real-estate men tell me that few investors in New York properties ever look at a building, except as a formality. What they want to see are the books. It is certain that the books of any Uris building are more dollar impressive than Seagram's — especially under the entry, real-estate taxes.

Conventional financial judgments of real estate in New York always favor cheap buildings, non-architecture. That is what makes the court's justification of the city's action such a sorry, shortsighted business. Whatever the argument, the effect is to penalize anything built with pride. They can call it a tax on advertising (but they do not). Yet it is a very intangible sort of advertising, at that. That the building adds to the esteem in which Seagram's is held is indubitable. Every time I pass that plaza I respect this company highly, although I do not think I drink their whisky. But the tax could as easily be identified as a tax on civic conscience as on advertising. Isn't this building, and are not most buildings, more a signal of success than a method toward success? Architecture is expensive, but it is not the same thing as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real estate. It serves more than the owner. It mirrors the community. It is a stubborn expression of propriety. The justices of the Appellate Court might wear sweatshirts on the bench; it would be cheaper than robes, but would it be more sagacious?

There are two footnotes in the court decision which may be more revealing than the measured tone of the decision itself. One hints nervously at the havoc which this decision may cause in New York assessments. For example, it is common practice for a speculative builder to entice a large tenant into a projected building by naming the whole structure after him, although the tenant neither owns it nor pays any premium for this honor. One example is the Pan Am Building, which looms leadenly over Park Avenue not far from Seagram. Pan Am has a gigantic sign up top (Seagram has none, top or bottom, nor is the name officially the Seagram Building, but 375 Park Avenue). Who is to pay taxes to the city for that Pan Am prestige? How about the Percy and Harold buildings, also named after tenants? Aren't all buildings prestige buildings, plus or minus?

In the other footnote, commenting that a building can contribute to its owner's prestige, the judges reach triumphantly for Thorstein Veblen:

> *In this connection they* [prestige buildings] *exemplify a well-known economic theory (see T. Veblen,* The Theory of the Leisure Class). *Though the author does not foresee this particular manifestation of his "Doctrine of Conspicuous Waste" it comes well within the specifications he provides for its successful exploitation. . . .*

I disagree respectfully with the judges' interpretation of Veblen on two points. First, Seagram achieves its distinction as a building by conspicuous restraint in all its details. It doesn't waste a gesture; if conspicuous, it is so only by contrast with its heavy-handed neighbors. Second, can anyone who walks up Park Avenue genuinely believe that that generous plaza out front is a waste in any real, physical sense of the term?

To the city, this kind of space is a desperate need. Seagram's lawyers are endeavoring to appeal their case to a higher court; if they are heard, let us hope they can argue, not strictly on real-estate grounds as they have so far, but on behalf of a noble gesture in a city landscape rapidly being debased by the competition to convert sky into dollars.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

The English theatre is enjoying a seizure of satire. It all began with *Look Back in Anger*. That play was rhetorically enraged for reasons barely explicit but none the less sensible to its audience. There followed a series of "proletarian" plays — more troubled than affirmative — and to these too an important public was responsive. Then came the intimate revues, notably *Beyond the Fringe* and *The Establishment*, so that even the West End was glad to listen to the wistful lament and mockery of *Stop the World — I Want To Get Off*.

The American tomfoolery of *The Premise* and various editions of *From the Second City* sustained the motion. The drama of Beckett, Ionesco and company also helped to relax theatrical restraints and broaden the perspectives of the permissible.

The English, thoroughly disciplined to decorum, have always found an escape in bouts of eccentricity, low comedy and goofy humor. Now the theatre has began to run wild in all these directions. There is an air of self-congratulation on this score.

The most generally advanced of the new satirical shows is the "musical entertainment," *Oh What a Lovely War*, the authorship of which is now in legal dispute but which has unquestionably been written and improvised under the supervision of Joan Littlewood, founder of the Theatre Workshop and director of such excellent productions as *A Taste of Honey* and *The Hostage*.

The company in *Oh What a Lovely War* is dressed in Pierrot costumes — as in *Stop the World*. A circus sideshow environment provides the permanent setting. Moving electric tapes flash messages about the accumulation of casualties and futile engagements of the First ("lovely") World War. This device is borrowed from Brecht and Piscator.

On stage are enacted a series of burlesque episodes parodying bayonet drill, meetings of high officials and military personnel in the war zone and in London high society. The bayonet drill under the screaming sergeant who instructs his men in the techniques and manners of murder by cold steel is as grotesquely funny as it has always been. There are other such caricatures — equally laughable

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In a "conspiracy case" anything goes, so

TRY, TRY, AGAIN

IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF KAFKA . . . almost unreal, yet it's happening. Seven leaders of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers union will be tried again "sometime in 1963"—for what? For allegedly "conspiring" sometime between 1949 and 1956 to violate a law that was repealed four years ago and in a case that has already been reversed by a higher court. That in itself gives the whole thing an aura of unreality. Conspiracy? **What conspiracy?**

THE RECORD: In November 1956, 14 men were indicted for conspiring to defraud the government by filing false non-communist affidavits under the Taft-Hartley law. The crime allegedly took place between the years 1949 to 1956. Three of the indicted men had never even signed affidavits.

QUESTION: Why was the charge "conspiracy"? Why did the government invoke this long discredited gimmick? Because they knew that their case was so weak that they could never prove the affidavits were false—so they decided to charge "conspiracy." In a conspiracy case, anything goes; the late Supreme Court Justice Jackson described conspiray charges as "elastic, sprawling and pervasive . . . often proved by evidence that is admissible only upon the assumption that the conspiracy existed.

FOR THREE YEARS the indictment lay dormant. Then, October, 1959 the trial began. . . . Began smack in the middle of a tough, nation-wide miners' strike that lasted over six months. During the seven-week trial, defendants had to shuttle between courtroom and negotiations. The strike was won, but the case was lost. Nine defendants were sentenced to imprisonment and fine. (Telford Taylor, chief prosecutor for the United States Government at the Nuremburg trials and noted civil libertarian, acted as Mine-Mill counsel.)

QUESTION: WHAT IS A CONSPIRACY? And why? Ever since its inception, the American labor movement has been plagued by conspiracy charges. As labor historian Sidney Lens wrote about the Mine-Mill case, the conspiracy doctrine "forges a sledge hammer with which all labor can be battered. The conclusion is inescapable that the real target is not a few union leaders, or a few unions, but the militancy and strivings of labor itself."

And the venerable Norman Thomas wrote: "It is difficult to resist the conclusion that (in the Mine-Mill case) the government was willing to do a little union-busting in the name of anti-communism under the forms of law.

THE ANSWER must be that where it is clear that a charge against an individual would never be sustained, a "conspiracy" charge can be concocted which opens the door to far-fetched evidence. The government does not have to furnish hard proof, as in other kinds of cases, that an actual crime was committed by anyone—only that same general, tenuous "agreement" was reached.

THEN CAME VINDICATION . . . and great cheers from those who believed in civil liberties and from honest union leadership throughout the land. March 1962—the U.S. Court of Appeals dismissed charges against two of the men and reversed the conviction of the remaining seven—on the grounds that the testimony of a professional government witness was improperly admitted. Unionists and civil libertarians were positive that this was the end of years of legal harassment. Surely, everyone thought, the government would not be interested in retrying such an old case, based on charges involving a section of a law repealed four years earlier.

Now decent folk who care are astonished that the Department of Justice announced retrial of the seven remaining defendants. For the past 12 years this union has been the target of continuous harassment by the government. Since 1951, and each year since then, right up to the present, there has been some case, or trial, or decision, or other persecutive act by the Justice Department or other government agency against Mine-Mill. How much longer can this go on?

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION Executive Director John de J. Pemberton, Jr., last year wrote to Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, noting that the Court of Appeals in Denver had earlier reversed the conviction, urging that the prosecution be abandoned. He reviewed the case since indictments were handed down in 1956, and the trial started in 1959. He noted the joy with which labor leaders and civil libertarians expressed themselves—the gratification that the case had been reversed—the assumption that it would not be reopened. He spoke of "prejudicial government treatment . . . and the doubtful constitutionality of the (T-H non communist) affidavit during its reign of more than ten years." He reviewed the history of three previous government actions against Mine-Mill—all thrown out by the Supreme Court. He said, "It is noteworthy that hard as the government tries to exact damaging sanctions against Mine-Mill and its officers, the courts without exception have held these efforts to have been somehow in error." He noted that the conspiracy element creates "emotionally-tinged" charges, and closed by saying: "Our government ought not to stand guilty of diminishing our political freedoms by these indirect methods.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED: You can help stop this persecution of one of the oldest unions in America—a union that is celebrating its 70th Anniversary this year. At the same time, you can join the fight to end use of the "conspiracy" charge as a weapon against labor. Will you write or wire Attorney General Robert Kennedy asking him to drop this case? Will you aid this long-embattled union in its defense? Can we count on you for help?

Enclosed find my contribution toward Mine-Mill defense.

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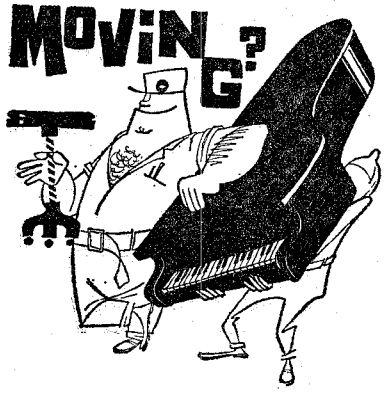

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without being a bit more novel. Mingled with these are such old-time tunes as Ivor Novello's *Keep the Home Fires Burning*, and these are the only good songs of the evening.

Everyone is "crazy" about this show. Why? The performances on the whole are crude and one is not convinced that the satire bears a direct relation to any present situation. The specific butt appears to be General Haig, who has been under blistering attack since 1918 for his bullheadedness in sending thousands to certain death in senseless "advances" which advanced nothing.

Though it rarely does any harm to scorn the military mind, I suggest that the satire here lacks point. It would not be entirely apposite in terms of the Second World War — except that that war might have been avoided if, for example, Churchill and not Chamberlain had been Prime Minister between 1937-1939. And certainly the prospect of a Third World War has to be treated in quite a different manner. Yet *Oh What a Lovely War* strikes the English as vitally relevant because it emphasizes what the young here cannot repeat too often: that the Establishment was, is, and by inference always will be, irremediably callous and stupid. Even those English who might agree that the show is not strictly applicable to contemporary affairs find in it the pleasure of nostalgia. It recalls a time of innocence when England, the most powerful nation on earth, shed its blood and drained itself of strength in a euphoria of self-confident, heroic befuddlement. At that memory — and in this the old songs are eminently helpful — strong men literally weep.

Whatever our reaction, it is certain that *Oh What a Lovely War* is the most accomplished of recent satires. From this there is a decline to a kind of harum-scarum jamboree of ribaldry and self-abandonment. Some of this is talented and very funny, as in *The Bed Sitting Room*. Its co-author is Spike Milligan, an endearing and original comic. Here we see England shortly after the bomb has dropped. The war itself was of brief duration — a minute and twenty-three seconds. Heaven knows who won it — possibly the Russians — though it doesn't matter; it is clear that England hasn't. Macmillan has turned into a parrot (the resemblance is striking), and a certain Lord into a bed sitting-room!

There is very little politics after this; and there needn't be. Everything has been cut loose from its normal moorings; the ensuing action makes the extravagances of surrealism and Ionesco look sober. The authors have achieved what they intended: to make us laugh at an utterly loony world in which the folk formerly most respected are now the daffiest, because the least endowed with humor and a sense of their own screwiness.

Even this is probably saying too much, for there is no indication that any other world or social order (which Labour might provide, for instance) would prove any less ridiculous. Spike Milligan and his associates may personally support the cause of nuclear disarmament, and their show may represent a gesture on behalf of their convictions, but what is chiefly communicated is a shoot-the-works rapture — anarchist rather than radical.

While this, the prevailing mood, may have its healthy aspect, I cannot help but regard it with some suspicion. For when you revel in turning everything topsy-turvy, jeer at everything and affirm nothing, you may well end by standing still, evading responsibility, sizzling smugly or disconsolately in the same stew as the neighbor you appear to scorn.

The tendency to take these shows, not at their face value but as signs of advanced social consciousness and superior theatrical skill, is complemented by the enthusiasm for spineless dramaturgy couched in literate double talk, as exemplified in such blather as *Next Time I'll Sing to You*, which contains little but the backwash of Pirandello. One critic has called it "the best play in London."

Am I mistaken in noticing a recent falling off in the development of English (and French) dramatic writing? John Osborne's plays since his first three have not revealed any remarkable progress. Pinter is not following upon *The Caretaker* with anything of wider scope. Wesker has turned to other tasks. And how much longer can Beckett, Ionesco and others of kindred temper continue voicing a view of the world which by its very nature has no issue?

This waning of impetus may prove only momentary. But it occurs to me that the low blood pressure may result from a social and moral apathy induced by the fact that nearly all of us fear the future and cannot in good conscience accept the present. However, that is a realm of speculation which leads far beyond, though it lies all around, the confines of the theatre.

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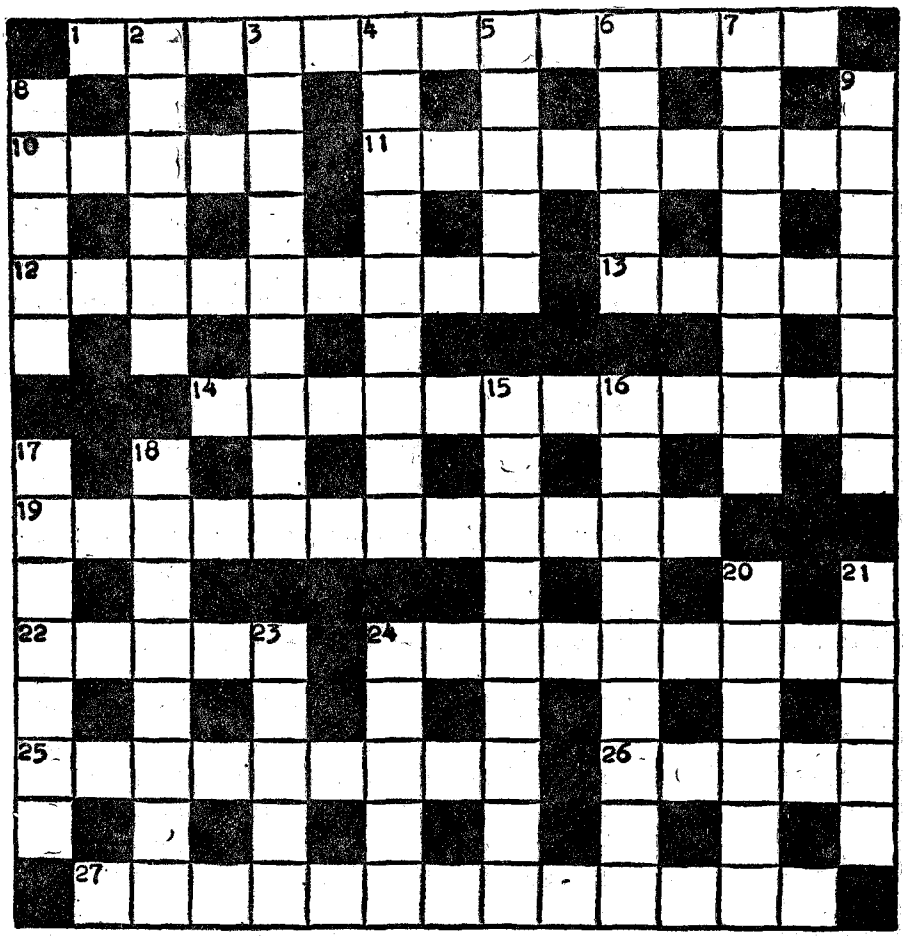
Crossword Puzzle No. 1012

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Is this what haulers of wood are used to? (One doesn't turn back to them with success.) (7, 6)
10 It's not healthy to give such loud directions when one is around. (5)
11 Doesn't honestly try to form lines.
12 Concerned with how one might be looking? (9)
13 The place we might be put to envelop her? (5)
14 Unites to form a sort of 19 .....
19 ..... but it isn't a happy arrangement of 14. (12)
22 Had ultimately to show what could be grown. (5)
24 Moses was early in the history of mankind. (9)
25 Give her the air? It may sound all right to you, but not to Carl. (9)
26 Katisha was such a daughter-in-law. (5)
27 The construction of the dome is no topic if you don't want integration.

DOWN:

2 Johnson said patriotism is the last of a scoundrel. (6)
3 It makes power a lot more like a game. (5, 4)
4 Did he spend too much time on reflection? (9)
5 Begin to make a person different?
6 The sped one was mentioned with the spoken word, time past, and the neglected opportunity. (5)
7 How some speak of giving face to a denomination schism? (8)
8 How to seek a favor and relish the answer? (5)
9 A combination of snake language that might be slander. (7)
15 What winds up with internal medicine the same way, when given to children? (9)
16 Damage of a releasing mechanism around the edge. (9)
17 Can Dave move up this way? (7)
18 A coming-out affair. (8)
20 A playwright is alternatively up a tree first. (6)
21 Rather black stones in the water, perhaps. (5)
23 The motor sounds as though it has a trunk inside. (5)
24 The growth of polyphonic music, at first. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1011

ACROSS: 1 Debouch; 5 Gastric; 9 Eager; 11 and 12 Photo finish; 15 Morale; 16 Tension; 17 Yawl; 19 and 22 Playboys; 21 Etching; 23 Dyer; 27 Answer; 29 Grasps; 33 and 34 Draw near; 36 and 35 Deep-sea diver; 37 Essence. DOWN: 1 Deerfly; 2, 10 and 25 Begin the Beguine; 3 Unrest; 4 Hath; 5 Glee; 6 Siphon; 7 Rhoda; 8 Closely; 13 Heather; 14 Isthmus; 15 Morning; 18 and 20 Waylay; 22 Branded; 24 Reserve; 25 Beings; 26 Erodes; 28 Scale; 31 Beta; 32 Erie.

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the ADVANCE case....

a test of DEMOCRACY

FOUR MONTHS ago Attorney General Robert Kennedy submitted a petition to the Subversive Activities Control Board for an order to require Advance, a small New York youth organization, to register as a "Communist front" under the provisions of the McCarran Act.

ON FEBRUARY 21 the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee announced that it would accept the legal defense of Advance. We do so because we believe that:

- ***the Attorney General's action is violative of the First Amendment guarantees of free speech, press and assembly;***
- ***Advance has a constitutional right to exist even if all the charges of so-called "parallelism" to the Communist Party are true;***
- ***Mr. Kennedy's action jeopardizes not only Advance but the right of ALL young people democratically to discuss and act upon the crucial issues of the day.***

HERE WE do not debate the substance of the Attorney General's charges. We merely express our horror at the fact that the head of the Justice Department seeks to outlaw an organization for its political beliefs. The Attorney General has alleged that Advance supported a Communist Party position in:

- ***"opposing the United States-Japanese Security Pact."***
- ***"demanding an end to all nuclear tests by the United States."***
- ***urging "non-intervention in Cuba and the restoration of diplomatic relations with Cuba."***
- ***"advocating the withdrawal of American armed forces from Berlin and urging the United States to accept the offer of the U.S.S.R. to 'negotiate on Berlin'."***

THESE ACTIVITIES may rightly be regarded as controversial—but not criminal. Advocacy of such policies — by no means a monopoly of Advance — is an inalienable right, and no organization may be proscribed under our Bill of Rights for advancing them.

WE SHARE the position of Campus Americans for Democratic Action and Students for a Democratic Society who declared in a joint statement published last month:

"... defense of their (Advance's) right to hold whatever ideas they choose is the duty of every democrat."

IT IS in this spirit that we undertake the defense of Advance. We welcome the help of all our fellow-citizens who wish to defend the Bill of Rights. Contributions can be sent to the

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